

Children's Newspaper, January 16, 1932

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See back page

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 669

Week Ending
JANUARY 16, 1932

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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HOW A CHIEF DISARMED

See
Page
Two

THE TRIUMPHANT INVALID

GRACE BIRCHAM'S GREAT COURAGE

Story of the Woman Who
Refused To Die

A LIFE OF SERVICE

"She would not even die incompetently," wrote a friend of Grace Bircham.

It is 24 years since she should have died, according to the doctors, but only the other day did she end a life of service. The trouble which she had fought for so long came upon her at last as she was driving her car. She drew into the roadside, switched off the engine, and died.

Hers is a story of sheer courage. At 19 the doctors said she must die of a grave organic disease. She refused to die, but she could not recover. Only for two or three hours a day could she leave her bed, and she lived on a special diet. It was hardly a life, but she endured it patiently for years.

Services During the War

When the war came she was determined to serve. Cautiously she began to do a little more each day, and found that an invalid can be useful if she will. She made herself grow stronger; she forced herself to do the work of a fit woman.

Presently, when there was a great need for more men in the fighting lines, and women replaced men as clerks, telegraphists, and cooks in the Army, she joined the W.A.A.C.S., and quickly rose to a high command. She was a great disciplinarian, very thorough, very just; the women were devoted to her.

At one time the invalid was living on bully beef in a flimsy hut in France. It was during the bitterest winter of the war. She worked 14 hours a day, and on two nights out of three there were air raids over the camp. Then she would pull on gum boots and greatcoat, and go from hut to hut, careless of flying shrapnel, to cheer her Waacs. If any of them felt frightened (and they had reason, for between them and the enemy were only roofs of matchboarding and felt) she would joke their fears away.

Work For Girl Guides

After the war she worked at the Ministry of Labour till she married Mr Bertram Bircham, legal adviser to the Ministry of Labour, and after that she went on working for volunteer organisations, such as Women's Institutes and Girl Guides.

Her motto might very well have been the Prince of Wales's, so completely did she serve her fellows, yet the doctors said she "had no business to be alive," and at 43 she died.

She might have lived longer had she stayed in bed and kept to her special diet; but she would not have been the Grace Bircham who loved and served so well.

The Happy Warrior



In the opinion of this little girl snow is all too rare in England

LITTLE MUSSOLINI GETS IT DONE

EVERY week the market of a certain little town in Normandy spreads itself on the stones of the twisting main street and just leaves room for the traffic to whiz through without running over cabbages, soap, pottery, and fowls.

Our town lies on the high road from Rouen to Paris. There are plenty of cars and they are always in a hurry. Sometimes they push on at any cost, and the townsfolk smiled to see a grand Hispano-Suiza gliding haughtily with bits of run-over cabbage decorating it.

Bits of cabbage got everywhere. Each time the stall-women tried to sell one they plucked an outside leaf off and flung it down behind them. By the time the market was over the display of unwanted cabbage leaves, onions, spinach, feathers, and paper was astounding.

For generations this happened in our little town. But now there is a mayor who is a little Mussolini, and gets

things done. He loathes litter as much as the C.N. does, and he started an Anti-Litter Campaign.

One morning a burly uniformed figure marched up and down the echoing streets—the town crier; no less. He stopped at the end of the narrow alleys, blew a trumpet, took out of his wallet a paper, chanted a long speech, said *Voilà!* and walked on. His announcement was that if people living in those old streets did not clear their doorsteps and cobbles of litter by sundown they would be in danger of the law.

There were angry voices when the town crier had passed, but presently, one by one, the women came out and began clearing the litter away. Those who had been the angriest threw a pail of clean water over their stones to make up for it. By sundown there was as sweet and clean a little town as you may see in fair Normandy.

ANOTHER OLD LADY WINS A MEDAL

THE ORDER OF THE FAITHFUL SERVANT

19 Years of the Cleanliness That
is Next to Godliness

BLIND CHARWOMAN'S HONOUR

Only a few months ago a Portuguese washerwoman was decorated for spending a lifetime washing clothes.

From Paris the news comes that a blind charwoman, Madame Sophie Guillemain, has been decorated with honour for 19 years of faithful service in scrubbing the corridors of the American hospital in that city.

Sophie could not see the many friends who came to pay her tribute, but the gaunt and white-haired old lady was smiling all over when she went up to receive her medal.

Courage and Fortitude

Doctors, nurses, and all her broom and brush friends assembled at Sophie's retirement ceremony, and while M Pierre La Coste, who represented the prefecture of the Seine, solemnly pinned on her old-fashioned best black dress the Order of the Faithful Servant many of her colleagues wept.

Then Sophie was told the good news that she was to have a bonus and a pension so that she may live happily to the end of her days.

Offerings of flowers were given to her by the nurses, and then the doctors took her into their own dining-room and gave her refreshments.

Sophie's courage and fortitude have won the admiration of all her fellow-workers. Her husband died many years ago, and then came a crushing blow, for her only son was killed in the trenches. Sophie went on scrubbing, for there was nothing else to do.

Proud of Her Record

She was threatened with blindness, but was she going to down scrubbing-brush and soap for that? She knew every inch of the building; how many times she had splashed soapsuds over its corridors, steps, and in corners she could not count.

She was proud of her record too, and she liked her work, so although she could scarcely see Sophie went on scrubbing until at last total blindness compelled her to stop work.

One of the surgeons recalls a terrible bombing raid during the war, when all the employees of the hospital fled except Sophie and her friend Angelique. These courageous charwomen showed resource as well as pluck, for while Angelique did the cooking Sophie looked after the patients and the staff.

They carried on with the work till the timorous ones returned; then back they went to their scrubbing, as if nothing had happened.

HOW A CHIEF DISARMED

A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS

Secret Revenge on a Usurper
in Livingstone's Village

THE WAY OF PEACE

One of the most historic places in South Africa is Kuruman, with its memories of Moffat and Livingstone.

The old mission house is still there, and the almond tree under which Livingstone proposed to Mary Moffat. Out toward the Kalahari Desert, 20 miles or so from Kuruman, is a native village which the writer has lately visited.



The Chief

The drive there was along a rough road or rather track across the veld. As we approached the village we noticed that the path had been swept, a rare thing in Africa. A little farther on we found that it was lined with white stones, and looked as clean, and neat as the path leading to a Government official's house.

On the outskirts of the village we came upon a little church with mud walls and thatch-roof, and at the front of it stood a wizened old man raising his hat and bidding us welcome. It was he who had prepared for our coming by sweeping the road for half a mile back and lining the path with white stones.

We found that there was a story connected with this little old man.

A Sudden Rebellion

He had formerly been the chief of the tribe, and had ruled his people well; but he had an ambitious young brother, who a few years ago secretly gathered warriors around him, raised a sudden rebellion, deposed his elder brother, and made himself Chief.

The rightful Chief's friends gathered round him and urged him to summon his warriors, march against the usurper, drive him out, and recover the throne; but he steadily refused to do so. Again and again his friends urged him to fight for his rights and regain the chieftainship by force, but he would not listen to their advice or accept their offers of help. When they asked him why he replied: "Because I, as a Christian, will not make war; but nevertheless I will have my revenge."

His Dearest Hope

For month after month they watched to see what revenge he would take, but all that they saw was that he went to live in a hut near the outskirts of the village, and there started building with his own hands. Alone he cut and laid the foundations. With his own hands he mixed the mud, put out the bricks to dry in the sun, and built up the mud walls. He tramped miles to find poles for the roof, and brought them on his shoulders. He scoured the veld for grass with which to thatch the little building. He got one or two friends to help him to put on the rafters and the thatch. He polished the mud floor till it looked like linoleum. He whitewashed the walls.

This little building was a church, and in it he gathered, Sunday by Sunday, all who cared to come. When we got there services had been held in the place for more than a year, and the old man told me with joy that many of the village people were regularly coming, and that even some of those who had fought against him were beginning to come.

Then he told me of his secret revenge. Almost in a whisper he told me that his dearest hope was that one day his brother, the usurping Chief, would come. If that should happen his cup of joy would be full.

THE GOOD THINGS WAITING

How to Realise Them

PHILOSOPHY ON A CHRISTMAS CARD

While we all like the feeling of making the fresh start that comes with the New Year we suppose no one takes down the gay decorations without a twinge of regret.

Obviously we cannot have the mantel-piece covered with Christmas cards all the year round, but while they stand there we enjoy the feeling that friendly thoughts surround us, and when we remove them at last we finger each one lovingly.

Among our collection this year is one which comes out and speaks of the cloud which has descended on our world in bold terms. This card is not being retired to the box with the others; it is being tucked into the corner of the mirror where it can be seen every day. Because it means so much we share its text with our readers:

There is so much wealth, skill, and energy in the world that all classes and races are bound eventually to enjoy an abundance of material blessings.

There is so much goodwill and readiness to sacrifice in the hearts of men and of nations that it is bound some day to enable us to live and work together in peace.

At such a moment as the present it is supremely desirable to do all we can to call forth that goodwill and wisely to adapt and distribute the wealth about us.

The way forward is to give precedence to the profound reality of friendship waiting for expression, and of prosperity crying to be enjoyed.

That is common sense as well as Christmas cheerfulness. Let us all remember it.

POOR ABRAHAM

An Extraordinary Little Fellow PROUD AND SMILING

How many people, we wonder, manage to pay their income tax with a smile?

Out in India, at Hyderabad, there is a man who has been doing something harder. He has spent the last 13 years in trying to save enough to pay back a debt that was brought on him by his enemies, and instead of grumbling he has been talking of his good luck in being able to keep up the payments.

Latsmipoor Abraham is his name, and he is an outcaste, but, wonderful to relate, this humble man owned a little land. That was an extraordinary tribute to his thrift.

Thirteen years ago Abraham became a member of a Christian church. The caste overlords looked on Christianity as a dangerous thing which would overthrow the social system, and for fear that it should spread among the outcastes of Hyderabad they determined to make an example of Abraham.

After that everything began to go wrong for him. Finally a case was brought in the law courts, claiming that the land he cultivated was not legally his. The bringing of a false charge is a favourite Indian way of annoying an enemy.

Of course poor Abraham had no money put by. He had to borrow money to fight the case, and it has taken him 13 years to pay it back. There is still a little owing.

But, instead of grumbling over the injustice of his 13 years of poverty, he talks of God's goodness to him, and of how lucky he was to find someone willing to lend money to so poor a man, how lucky he was to win his case, how lucky he has been in keeping up the payments!

We have seen a photograph of Latsmipoor Abraham. There are holes in his garment, but his head is held high, and he is smiling.

A GREAT SHOEMAKER AND HIS SHOES

One of the Ironies of This Mad World

The shoe is one of the greatest hygienic devices ever invented by man.

That is a view enthusiastically held by M Bata, the Czecho-Slovak shoemaker. He has in his store at Zlin eight million pairs of shoes to reinforce his opinion.

But M. Bata does not propose to make a gift of them to his fellow-men. He wants to sell them, and in the present state of Europe's finances his millions of shoes are surplus goods, which represent a melancholy over-production.

If Europe cannot absorb them, and America will not, there are still Africa and Asia open to an offer. In these continents, or in many parts of them, there are millions of human beings who have never worn a shoe.

A Dreadful List

Let no one believe that he is just as well off without them, for, as we began by hinting, the shoe is one of the soundest inventions ever known for preventing the entry into the human foot, and thence into the human organism, of the many evilly-disposed microbes with which the soil teems.

Europeans travelling in such places are generally immune from the attacks of poisonous crawling insects, which attack the native of those parts, however horny-soled he may be. A dreadful list could be compiled of tropical diseases which effect an entrance to the body through the foot.

Consequently the civilised world may wish M. Bata every success on his aeroplane tour to Egypt, Central Africa, Central Asia and India with samples of his shoes.

It has been said that if every Chinaman wore one extra cotton garment the mills of Lancashire would be kept busy. If every Asiatic bought a pair of shoes a rift would appear in the cloud of Czecho-Slovakia's trade depression.

Better than that, the Asiatic and the African would be healthier men.

FINLAND AND ITS PRESIDENT

The Finns made the seventy-first birthday of M Svinhufvud, their President, an occasion for a great demonstration of affection, assembling outside his palace in the daytime and in the evening at the National Theatre at Helsingfors.

M Svinhufvud has led his nation through many difficulties. Last century and in the years before the war the Finns were resisting the increasing oppression of the Tsars of Russia. During the last years of the war the Bolsheviks were the enemies.

Today Finland is a contented republic, and the loyalty of its citizens is largely due to the single-minded devotion to its cause by its honoured President.

BYRON'S SLIPPERS

How tiresome it is when people come to stay and leave things behind which must be sent after them!

But, of course, if your guest is a famous poet you do not mind. You can refuse to send on his belongings, and can hand them down as heirlooms.

That seems to have happened when Byron went to stay with Admiral Studdert in Athens. The slippers worn by the poet then have just been given to Harrow School by the admiral's grandson, Captain Redmayne. They are sensible shoes of brown leather.

There are many other Byron relics at the poet's old school, including his first watch and some of his manuscripts.

For 78 years Mr James Williams has helped to ring in the New Year at Llandegai Church, near Bangor, where he has been 52 years verger.

GOOD NEWS FOR COALFIELDS

A NEW FUEL THAT WILL HELP

The Best Low-Temperature Carbonisation Plant Yet Made MORE OIL AND HOTTER COKE

Piero Salerni, the Italian inventor of a more efficient low-temperature carbonisation of coal than any in use up to the present, has been completing his work in London as a guest of Sir Eric Hambro, the banker.

Sir Eric is so convinced that the Salerni method is the right one that he is personally financing its development. The fuel problem is such a vital one for our country that the Salerni process is being discussed by experts all over the world, and one of the clearest explanations of the new process and its advance on the old was given a few weeks ago by Professor Wheeler, of Sheffield University, in a paper read at an International Coal Conference at Pittsburg.

Advantages of the Process

For the last four years Professor Wheeler has been experimenting with the low-temperature carbonisation of coal at the Fuel Research Department at Sheffield, and consequently his opinion carries great weight.

He summarised the advantages of the Salerni process in this way. All bituminous coals can be treated without blending different kinds of coal and without altering the plant. The density of the smokeless coke produced has been increased by nearly 30 per cent, while its heating value has been increased so that the coke is a satisfactory substitute for coal itself. This coke is in easily handled lumps which have no breeze. By redistillation of the heavier fractions of the oil the yield of the marketable lighter oils is increased, the remaining pitch being left to improve the quality of the coke.

A Noteworthy Fact

The plant is cheaper to construct, does not allow the leakage of gas and vapour, is automatic in operation, and is free from the troubles arising in previous plant from expansions and distortions during prolonged heating of the coal.

It is interesting that this new process should come to us from Italy, for it is the great loss of our coal market there, owing to the extension of Italian water-power, that has injured our export trade in coal in recent years.

The invention will make our coalfields of greater value both as a source of more bye-products and as being able to supply a cleaner, healthier, and more efficient fuel.

THINGS SAID

The letter C might be dropped out of the alphabet. Rev E. S. Field

Many buy papers, few read them scarcely any remember what they read. Mr Ivor Brown

Nearly all the people I know who hunt are either bores or boors. Mr Gordon Beccles

Let us go out to meet the future undismayed. Let none yield to faint-heartedness. President Hindenburg

I believe there will be a wave of creative energy throughout the civilised world. Lord Wakefield

For the most part the public have about as much intention of buying books as an elephant. A retired bookseller

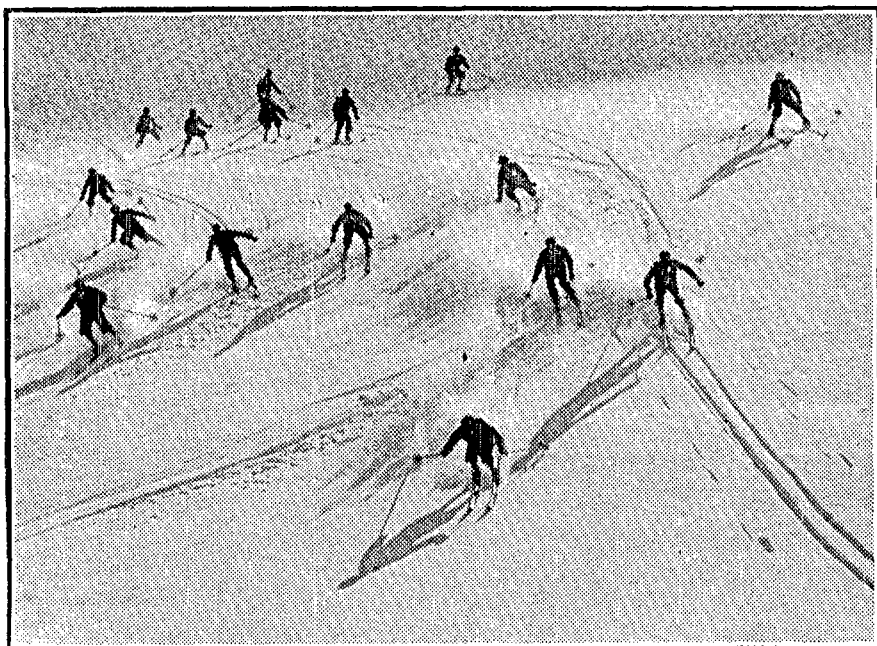
There is more varied treasure of intimate natural beauty stored up in our countryside than anywhere else on Earth. Dr Raymond Unwin

January 16, 1932

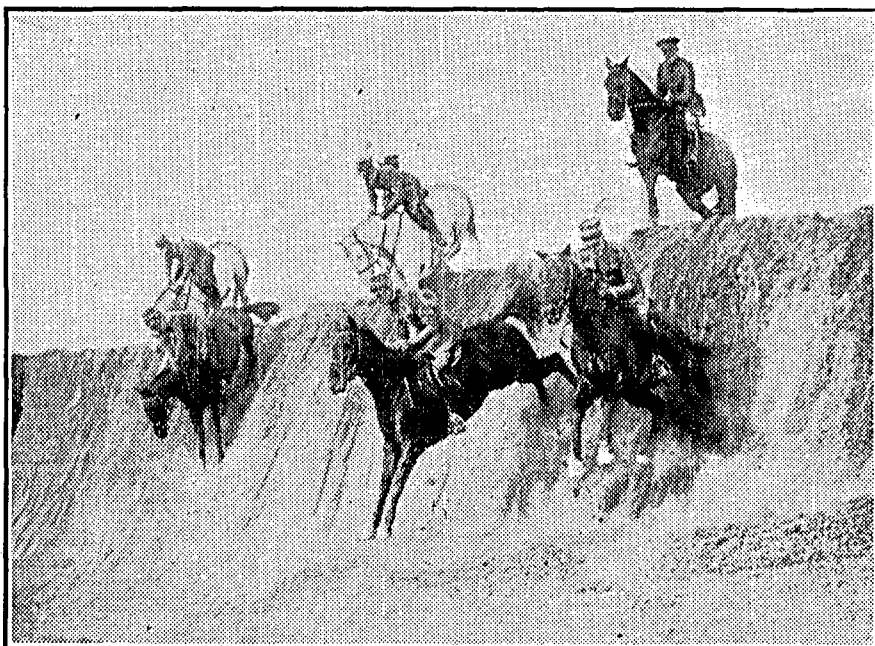
The Children's Newspaper

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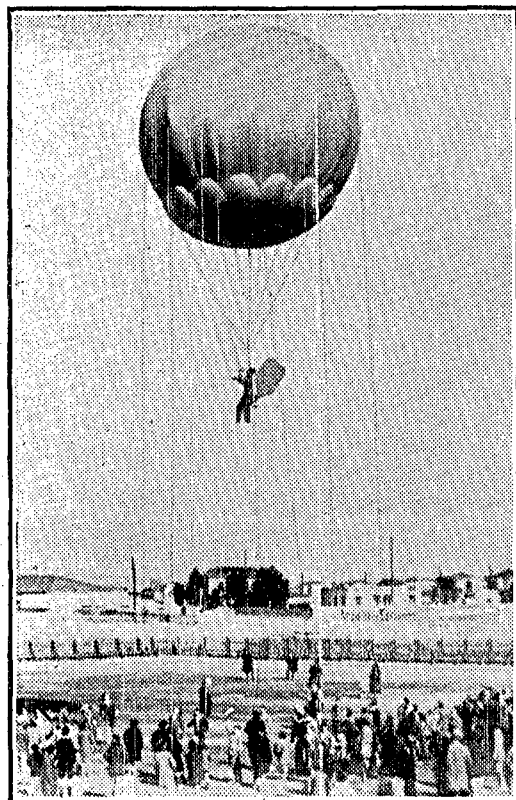
CURIOUS BALLOON • GIRLS MOVE AN ENGINE • WONDERFUL RIDING



The End of the Run—Ski-ing down snow-clad slopes has been described as the next best thing to flight for sheer exhilaration. In this remarkable sun-lit picture we see a party of expert skiers slowing down after a long descent at Arosa in Switzerland.



Horsemanship—The officers of the Equestrian School at Tordi Quinto in Italy are among the most daring and efficient riders in Europe. Here some of them are seen riding down an almost perpendicular bank when giving a display before the King of Italy.



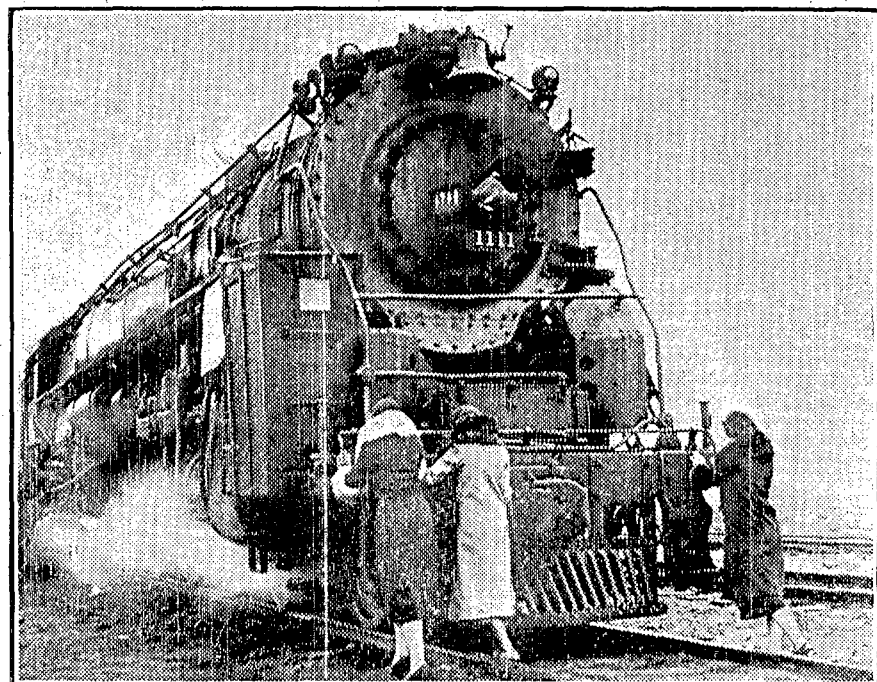
New Balloon—A Greek engineer has invented this balloon, which is seen on its first trial flight near Athens. The inventor hopes to be able to control its direction by means of wings.



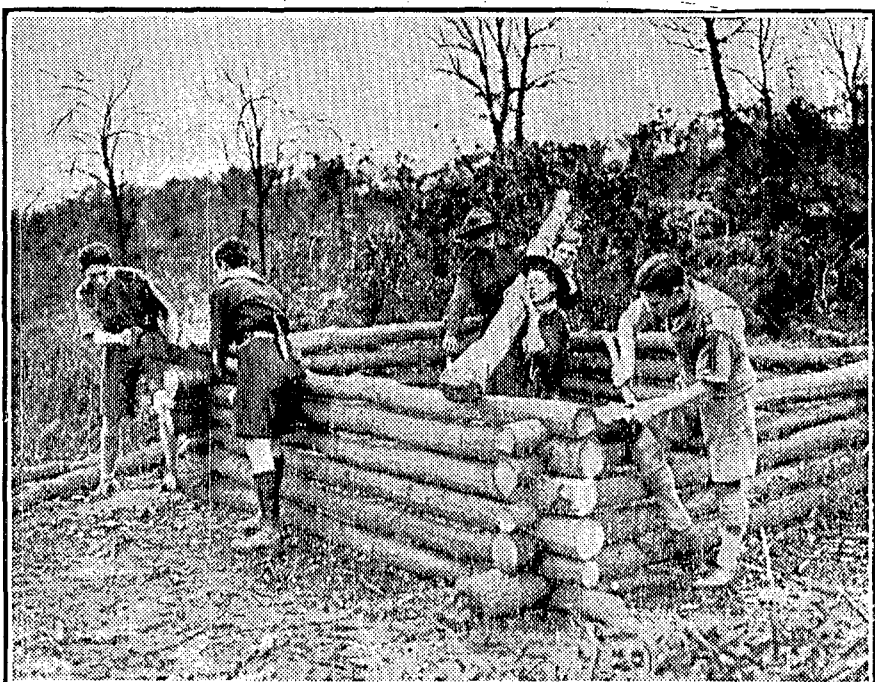
Tobogganing in London—A fall of snow heavy enough to cover the ground is sufficient to send London boys hurrying to the favourite playground of Hampstead Heath with their toboggans. Here is one of them bumping off the ground as he careers down a slope.



The Wreck—The schooner Volant, which was bound from Liverpool to Kilkeel with a cargo of coal, lying helpless off the coast at Newcastle, County Down, where she had run aground.



Moving an Engine—An engine with a new type of roller-bearing is being tested on an American railway. It is said that the bearings are so efficient that the three girls in the picture were able to move the 355-ton giant on a track at Seattle.



The Log Cabin—Worcestershire Boy Scouts who have been cutting down trees on the estate of their district commissioner, Mr T. Nellist Wilke, are shown in the picture building a log cabin. Three of them have passed tests in axemanship.

WEALTH IN HOUSES

£370,000,000 Worth of Property

GROWTH OF BUILDING SOCIETIES

The growth of British building societies continues to be remarkable.

Their total property has now risen to a value of over £370,000,000, owned by over two and a half million depositors and investors.

As in 1920 building societies owned property worth £87,000,000, the assets have multiplied by four and a half in ten years.

British building societies are chiefly concerned with lending money to people of small means who desire to buy houses to live in and to pay for them while they are actually living in them. What the depositor does is to borrow the greater part of the value of the house and to repay it in monthly or quarterly instalments combining principal and interest.

Mostly Small Houses

The building society takes security for the loan in the form of a mortgage on the house. The mortgage is arranged for a definite period of, say, ten, fifteen, or twenty years, and the borrower has the advantage of paying equal instalments. It usually works out that the borrower is thus able to buy his house by payments amounting to little more than if he were merely renting the house.

The records show that the great majority of the members are purchasers of houses rarely priced at over £1000. For the most part the mortgages range around £500.

This has had the happy result of enabling a host of humble folk to buy their homes. As the societies desire to lend money only upon sound properties, their surveyors inspect in every case, a fact which ought to assist borrowers to get value for their money.

The same sort of principle is embodied in one of the Housing Acts, which authorises local authorities to lend money to borrowers in the same way as a building society. It does not appear, however, that many people have availed themselves of the law; the building societies seem to do most of this particular business.

THE OLD HOME

A Lady Gives It Away

BOUNTY TO LITTLE CHILDREN

A lady has just given away her ancestral home.

For centuries the Marshes used to live at Westleigh Hall in Lancashire. It had a moat all round, and life within it was a stately, peaceful affair.

But as the years rolled by streets sprang up round the old house, and the children who lived in them sorely needed a playground where they would be safe from motor-cars and bicycles.

So Miss Marsh has given Westleigh Hall and its grounds to Leigh.

The old house must come down for the sake of the young citizens. Miss Marsh is going to bear the cost of turning all the space into playing-fields, except for a quiet garden and a shelter reserved for old people.

A short time ago she gave £15,700 to Leigh Infirmary. Mr W. E. Marsh gave Leigh a gymnasium, and Mr R. T. Marsh and Miss Marsh between them gave £16,000 to make swimming-baths.

The Marshes have been bounteous friends to Leigh. This yielding up of an old home to children who have no playground but the street is a final and most touching proof of lovingkindness.

FOUR HEROES

What a Cripple Did

Awards have been made to the men who rescued the yacht Sammy off Skerries last summer.

One of the rescuers was a cripple, another deaf, and a third only 17, but when a visitor to the Irish coast saw a yacht in distress off the rocks in the early morning the four of them hurried into a boat.

Never mind their infirmities, never mind the wind and weather: people on board were shouting for help, and none of the four was going to waste time in looking for a stronger, bigger man to take his place.

But in spite of their valiant efforts they found it impossible to pull the boat out of the harbour. They were obliged to seek the help of a fishing-boat. This could not get quite close to the yacht, so dangerously near the rocks; but two of the four who first set out on the rescue scrambled into a punt and manoeuvred down to the yacht with a hawser. When this was made fast the Sammy was towed to safety.

All who took part in the rescue were granted awards by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. We wonder if a cripple has ever won this particular kind of award before?

THE HUNTED DEER

All's Well That Ends Well

One lad with a kind heart among a crowd of others has saved the life of a hunted deer at Tobermory.

The deer found itself in the road leading into Tobermory and, frightened by the lights of an approaching motor-car, ran for over a mile in front of it until it found itself on an old pier. A group of idling youths blocked its return, so the deer jumped over the side into the sea and began to swim to shore.

The young men launched a boat and forced the deer into the corner of the pier, where its legs became entangled in mooring ropes, so that its capture and death appeared certain.

One of the young men, admiring the pluck of the animal, then suggested that, instead of capturing it, they should give it its well-earned freedom.

The deer was accordingly guided into shallow water and made off back to the woods.

A LITTLE LESS CRUEL

Spain Under the Republic

The new rulers of Spain have taken up the task of reducing the cruelty to animals in that country.

The Society for the Protection of Animals and Plants lost half its subscribers on the fall of the monarchy, and for some months the vested interests set at nought the measures the Marquis de Estella had enforced for lessening cruelties in the blessings.

The society, however, appealed to the Cortes, and the Home Minister took firm action, even going so far as to dismiss local authorities who had sanctioned a cruel form of bull-baiting.

The Home Minister has now become chairman of the society, and the President of the Republic is honorary chairman. Their influence will encourage the society to develop its good work. It is organising competitions for prizes among school teachers, policemen, artists, and journalists for work they can do in their several spheres in promoting good treatment for animals, while under its influence leagues of mercy are beginning to spring up among the schoolchildren of Spain.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Endymion	En-dim-e-un
Gemini	Jem-e-ny
Jagello	Yah-gel-lo
Resina	Ray-see-nah
Steyr	Sti-er
Styria	Ste-re-ah

THE IRON CROSS

Enemies in War and Friends in Peace

Long after he returned from the war an Englishman kept in his desk a German Iron Cross. He has at last been able to return it to the home which will prize it most.

The cross belonged to a young Bavarian soldier whom the English soldier befriended as he lay dying. The Bavarian handed him his Iron Cross and papers to take care of, but all the Englishman knew about the dead man was that his name was Rutz.

Rutz had a sister called Anni, and their home was at Oberammergau, the famous village where the Passion Play is performed. Anni was chosen for the part of Mary last year, and her name became known to thousands of people, so much so that when she came to England a little while ago the newspapers broadcast the fact.

The Englishman then wrote to her asking if she had lost a brother in the war. She had, and to him had belonged the papers and the Iron Cross.

The Englishman lost no time in sending them to Anni Rutz's father in Oberammergau, who is this year blessing the thoughtful action of a war-time enemy and a peace-time friend.

WHY NOT A LORD MAYOR'S POET?

Japan's Idea

The Japanese Ambassador and his wife, Mrs Matsudaira, celebrated their silver wedding in London the other day.

Their friends gave them a grandfather clock, and Mr Gonnoské Komai wrote a poem to go with it. Part of the poem runs as follows:

Five-and-twenty summers now have gone:
Gone for ever like a dream:

Since first you vowed your adoration true
To the Fairest of Flowers in our sunrise
Yamatoland.

Oh, would that this humble gift, which we ask
you to accept

As an emblem of our deepest admiration and
friendship,

Bring you and your honourable Lady as
joyously

To the Golden Hill as it merrily wafts along its
charming chime,

Recalling memories sweet of Westminster
towering on the Thames . . .

It is a delightful custom, this Japanese habit of making a poem instead of a speech on festive occasions. We wish it would come to England. Many dull, prosy speakers would be silenced for ever, or reduced to four lines, if they had to make their remarks in metre and rhyme. It would give employment too, for the Lord Mayor would have to keep a poet as well as a butler.

A NEW SECRET OF THE AIR

Interesting Discovery

We have thought for centuries that pure air consisted of a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen in the proportion of one to four.

Now comes the surprising discovery that such air would not support life unless it contained the rare gases such as helium, neon, and krypton. The rare gases have been looked upon, not exactly as impurities but as curiosities, and until now nobody had thought they were necessary to our life.

Another curious thing is that in order to support life a small proportion of a real impurity (carbon dioxide) must be present also. This new knowledge may prove of great value in manufacturing compressed air and gases for scuba-diving, submarines, mines, and special types of flight, for the right amount of rare gases mixed in with the compressed air will undoubtedly render it better for breathing.

I SERVE

Who Will Follow the Prince?

KEEPING THE OLD COUNTRY GOING

The Prince of Wales is to make an important recruiting speech to boys and girls, and afterwards to grown-ups, at the Albert Hall on January 27, and everybody else should tune-in that evening and listen to him on the wireless.

The occasion is his appeal, as President of the National Council of Social Service, for an army of volunteers to carry on the work of national reconstruction in every department of life.

Our economic crisis threatens the development of work necessary for the maintenance and improvement of the physical vigour and the industrial and intellectual life of the nation. For the last thirty years we have devoted a large part of our national income to educational services, and to the removal of the causes of preventable suffering and sickness. All national and local authorities have to slow down this work owing to its expense, but voluntary effort can discharge these duties, and the Prince of Wales is to appeal for workers in these fields.

Everyone who has time and strength to give can volunteer to help in the war against deprivation and suffering, and in securing fuller scope and richer opportunity for the citizens of our Motherland.

ELEPHANTS GO A-ROAMING

How They Came Home Again

After five years wandering the herd of elephants belonging to the National Park at Addo in South Africa have been shepherd home.

The elephants broke away owing to the drying-up of their water-holes in the park, and when they paid their calls on the neighbouring farmers they did not meet with the welcome they expected as State elephants. Neither did they behave as select members of a National Park, for their tempers became vicious and their habits grew cunning.

The water-holes at Addo were re-established, and then the ranger, Mr Trollope, went forth to seek his errand charges. He had no easy task, and with his companions had to penetrate dense bush and cross broken country on their trail. His patience and skill were put to a severe test when he did succeed in tracking down the herd, but by the use of no more harmful weapons than Chinese crackers and the smoke of burning tar he manoeuvred the elephants into such a position that their only course was to run hard for their old quarters, making the Bush resound with their trumpeting.

THREE CHEERS FOR NUTGROVE

A week or two ago the C.N. described the good turn the Boy Scouts of Canada were doing for poor children by renovating and presenting to them discarded toys.

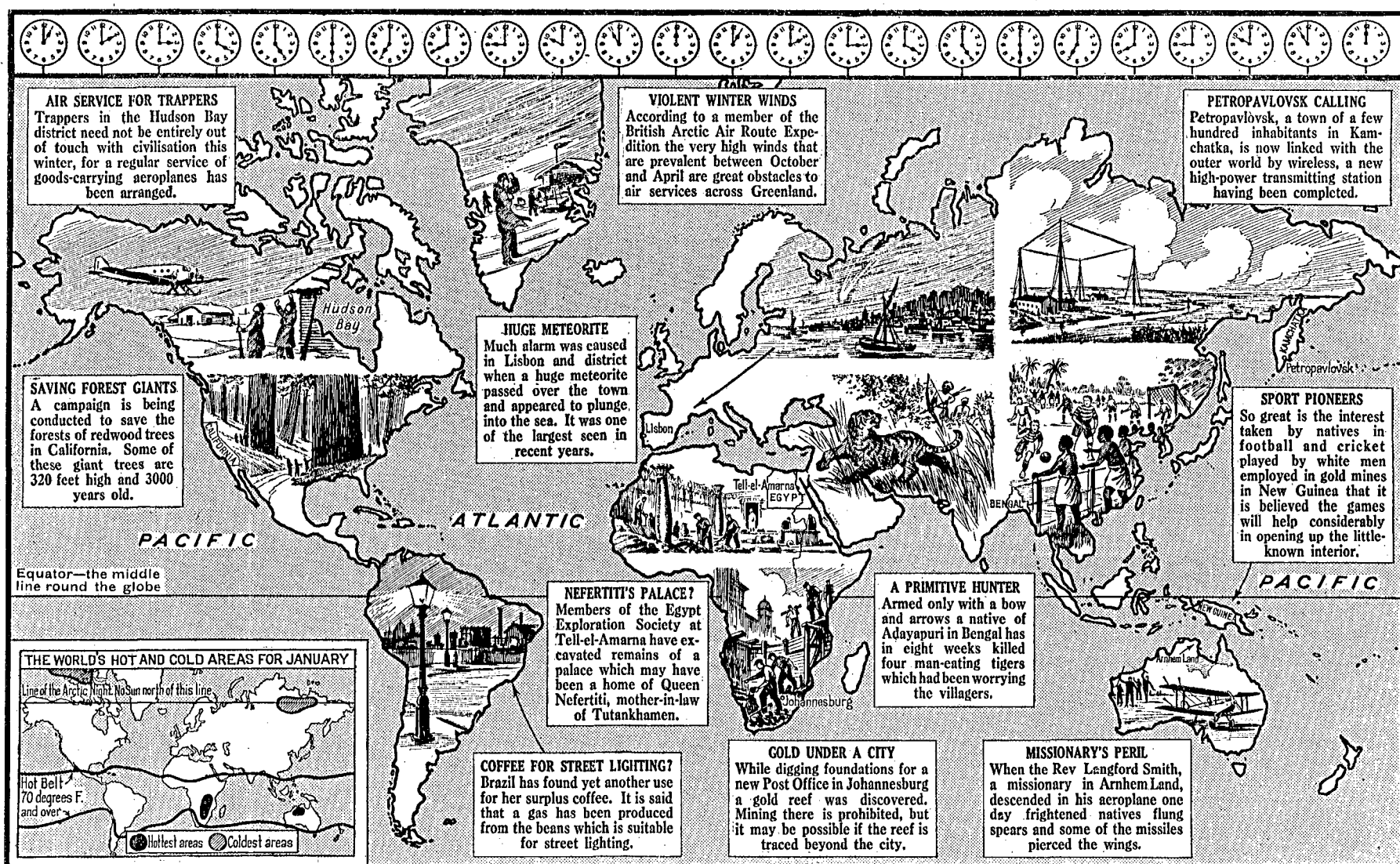
We rejoice to hear that the Rover Scouts of Nutgrove in Lancashire had the same happy idea, to the great joy of a hundred children in the hospitals of St Helens to whom they sent mended and repainted toys as Christmas gifts.

ALICE IN AMERICA

Alice, friend of all children who love to read Lewis Carroll's Wonderland, is now eighty years old, but is still young enough to take part in the centenary celebrations, at Columbia University, in memory of Lewis Carroll.

Mrs Alice Hargreaves was a little girl of seven when Lewis Carroll sat with her behind a hayrick and told her the story of Wonderland, long before it was published.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE EXPLORER'S DOG A Tale From the Far-Away

Mr Watkins, who led the Greenland Expedition and told young people about it at a Christmas lecture, was followed by them every step of the way.

They saw in photographs the home of the Greenland blizzard; they saw Mr Courtauld sitting by the side of the snow hut where he had been a solitary hermit for five months, and they saw the expedition's dogs.

The dogs were kept to the last; the children listened enthralled to every word Mr Watkins had to say about them. A race apart, the huskies of the explorers never seemed to mind the cold. They curled themselves up in the snow and slept with their tails over their noses. Though a dog's nose is generally cold he takes great care to protect it.

The huskies were great fighters. There is a strain of the wolf in them, and peace was not easy to keep among them. The wolfish instinct made them dangerous when sheep were near.

When a sleigh party of the explorers went on an excursion to a Danish settlement in the milder south, where there are farms, they were asked to keep their dogs at a distance.

The wild creatures were therefore marooned on a vessel some miles out at sea. One husky, not to be outdone, escaped and swam ashore.

Then for a while he led the life of a pirate. In one brief hour of marauding life he destroyed 18 sheep and cows.

That was the end of him, for a punitive expedition of farmers and explorers pursued him with guns, and the sleighs had one dog less with them on their return journey.

91

The other day a lady was killed from the effects of a fall in the street. At the inquest it was stated that she was 91, and had been carrying on the profession of a music teacher till three months ago.

BUSMAN AS A SHEPHERD Saving the Life of the Sheep

A bus conductor stopped his bus the other day to perform the duty of one of the oldest callings in the world—that of the shepherd.

On a journey from Douglas to Ramsey in the Isle of Man some of the passengers called attention to a sheep sprawling on its back in a field. The conductor rang his bell, jumped out, climbed the hedge, and lifted the sheep on to its legs again. The sheep bleated out its thanks and walked off to join its companions. This timely act of the bus conductor saved the life of the sheep, an animal which cannot often get up once it has fallen on to its back.

HARD TIMES IN AN AUSTRIAN TOWN

Steyr, the town which in olden days was the seat of government of the margraves who ruled over Styria, is today almost bankrupt.

Though the chief seat of the steel industry of Austria, more than half its population of 18,000 are unemployed and three-fourths of its children have not enough to eat.

Unless the State or the Province can send it money this town will be unable to pay its school teachers and municipal workers, and will have to suspend the cleansing and lighting of the streets.

NELSON'S PILOTS

Brigadier Joy, of the Salvation Army, who has spent the last 21 years in service in Central America, has lately landed at Plymouth on his return to headquarters.

Among the many surprising things he has to tell of this land of ancient splendour and strange myths is that he found a tribe of Indians in Nicaragua who spoke English. Their fathers had acted as pilots to Lord Nelson.

THE BUTCHER BIRD'S WARNING Kindness Repaid

A Transvaal reader of the C.N. has been making friends with a pair of butcher birds, attaching bits of meat to her clothes-line for them.

One morning her little native servant was drawing water from a pond at the end of her garden when the butcher birds on the line above him began to utter piercing notes of alarm. The native looked up, and to his horror saw a young ringhals snake, three feet long, rising to attack him. He quickly seized some stones and dispatched the snake. Our reader says that the birds have amply repaid her kindness to them, and we congratulate her on her pets.

THE HERO OF ST HELENS

The courage of a man who rescued a little girl from a well of boiling water will long be remembered at St Helens.

Little Annie Blake was making her way to a factory to receive some promised gifts when she fell into the well of an economising plant which was being cleaned out. It contained boiling water.

Hearing her scream, James Gleave, a fitter, who was at work on the plant, immediately jumped down the well on to some pipes which projected eighteen inches from the wall seven feet down. Lowering his arms into the scalding water he lifted out the little girl, who was hurried away to hospital. Unhappily she died there.

At the inquest the coroner shook hands with Gleave and said he could imagine no braver act.

THE DIVER

In the midst of a colliery village near Chesterfield is a large reservoir. A correspondent writes to say that a very rare visitor not long ago took up residence there, a great northern diver, a splendid specimen with a wing span of five feet. It was regularly seen to dive, emerging quite 25 yards away.

PEACE WITH THE POGO This Scandal Should Now Cease

A year ago the C.N. pointed out that a silencer for the pneumatic drill which tears up London roadways had been invented.

At the time the Holborn Borough Council, much disturbed by the hideous uproar which this instrument, playfully named the pogo, was creating in a devastated area of roads in the re-making, looked most favourably on this promised alleviation.

It was even rumoured that the Council had stipulated that the contractors should employ it.

Then, as it seems to the C.N., a silence more profound than any the silencer could effect fell upon the scheme and the invention.

Not till the closing days of the Old Year was it heard of, and then it suddenly sprang up in the annual Report of the Road Fund.

From this it appeared that the department had heard the frequent complaints arising from the noise of the pneumatic road-breakers. This is a point gained. The department has heard the noise made by the sufferers.

Better than that, it has been keeping its eyes open as well as its ears, and has been watching the development of silencers for reducing the noise of the exhaust air from these machines.

In the course of this watchful waiting the department has attended demonstrations which show that a silencer which fulfils the necessary requirements is now on the market.

One thing only remains, which is that the silencer shall not remain there, but shall be transferred by the strict requirements of the highway authorities to the roads themselves.

Then, and then only, will this scandal of ear-splitting, unnecessary noise cease to disturb the ratepayers who pay and pray for peace.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 16 1932

A Hundred Years Ago

IN times of depression we should take care to refresh our memories as to the real progress that has been achieved. We are too apt to take dark views of the present and to forget that, however dark it may seem, it is positively hopeful when contrasted with the days of old.

Looking back is also salutary because we are very apt, in an advanced country, to look down on other countries which do not appear as advanced as ourselves. It is well to remember, therefore, that not long ago grave wrongs were inflicted in our own land on persons who deserved reward rather than punishment.

Let us recall that just a hundred and one years ago Macaulay was rallying the British people of that day by reminding them that, although their condition (then fifteen years after Waterloo) was bad, there was no good reason to apprehend disaster or to believe that the progress of the past would not be increased. Let us set down some of the words Macaulay wrote in 1830:

On what principle is it that, when we see nothing but improvement behind us, we are to expect nothing but deterioration before us?

Today we know Macaulay was right, and that those to whom he addressed himself, the pessimists and unbelievers, were wrong.

Always we have people among us announcing that we are going to the dogs. Let us not believe it, but take heart in the confidence that the world will not look back, and that we in particular have no reason to lack confidence in our own future.

Let us recall also that less than a hundred years ago in our country some worthy labourers, sober and religious men, were unjustly sentenced for endeavouring to form a trade union to protect themselves. They were labourers of Tolpuddle, and their wages had been reduced until they were no more than seven shillings a week! On their endeavouring to form a trade union they were arrested and charged under the then existing law with forming an "illegal and seditious organisation." They were tried by an unjust judge and sentenced to be transported beyond the seas. They were actually put on a ship to be exiled, merely for defending their poor trumpery wages.

Then rose Robert Owen, who began an agitation on their behalf which did not end until the Tolpuddle labourers were reprieved.

By Macaulay's words of a hundred years ago we can remind ourselves of material progress; by the case of the men of Tolpuddle we can remind ourselves that we have also made social progress. So life goes on, and we may take heart in our endeavours to make it better worth while.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet; the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Playing the Game

A NEW practice is growing up in some newspapers. The game of Bridge is treated as if it were a public event.

We have nothing to say against the playing of cards in friendly fashion, but it is becoming only too clear that the game of Bridge is being erected into a national institution for nothing better than the waste of time and the transfer of money from bad players to good ones.

The growth of Bridge is marked by articles in newspapers which rival the columns devoted to golf. The golf devotee is comparatively harmless; he at least gets fresh air and exercise in return for following his ball about. The gentleman making a living at Bridge can only be termed a very bad case of living on the Dole.

Three Bits of Old England

A ROBIN singing to himself perched on a notice board fixed to some village railings that hem in a green patch the Romans knew. The notice says Please Do Not Throw Rubbish in Here.

Dusk in St James's Park and wild duck flying, their wings catching the great light circling the memorial. Behind, the palace roofs have caught the last gold of sunset, and beyond the roofs tender filmy clouds are floating in the dim blue sky.

A chestnut barrow, with a bucket of rosy charcoal and a little home-made oven on the top, crossing Whitehall. It stops by the Cenotaph. The chestnut man looks at the banks of piled wreaths, shamefacedly touches his cap. The little cart passes out of the splendour of the memorial and hurries into the byways.

The Criminal and the Car

IT is unfortunately too true that the motor-car has become an instrument of crime, perhaps the greatest weapon of the criminal. Every day hundreds of offences are committed with the aid of cars which compel the police to reply with large fleets of cars to catch the criminals.

Now a writer on aviation points out that it has become necessary to understand how to identify an aeroplane in the air, as they also are becoming criminal weapons. We could have no better proof that every advance of science must be accompanied by an increase in education if we are to prevent the application of ingenuity to wrongdoing.

All That You Do

All that you do
Do with your might;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

Illusion

How we are ruled by illusion! In the new building of a famous school the headmistress, though enjoying the modern central heating system in the walls of her study, has fixed a cunningly-contrived mock grate illuminated by a red lamp. The look of a fire comforts her, clear-headed intellectual though she is.

And the other day, holding her wet shoe before the bright patch, a lady said: "My feet are getting delightfully warm."

Tip-Cat

FURNITURE is to be reduced, says a catalogue. To suit small incomes or small flats?

A PROFESSOR is trying to turn sand into gold. It is easier to turn gold into sand.

WOMEN can bob their own hair by electricity. The husbands will get the shock.

A MAN is advertising soil for the garden at reduced prices. Dirt cheap.

A FAMOUS Italian singer has given £5000 to charity. All his high notes.

AN author says he has no great opinion of his fellow-men. That is why they do not take his opinion.



SOME songs never die. We wish they did.

A CURRENT topic—Electricity.

A TAILOR says he measured a seven-foot-six man for a suit.

We suppose he will make it at length.

NEIGHBOURS have been quarrelling over a wireless pole. Exchanging high words.

TAXPAYERS are to have no quarter, we are told. Rentpayers don't want any.

How can we prove whether an egg is fresh? asks a correspondent. Break it.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

NO one leaves prison in Russia without being able to read and write.

AN unknown friend has sent £10,000 for the London hospitals.

A NOTTINGHAM lady has left £150,000 for helping poor widows and unmarried women.

THE Leicestershire town of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, with 60,000 people, has had a fortnight without one police case.

JUST AN IDEA

The best of men is he who loves all and is good to all, whether they are good or bad.

Old Crosspatch

By Our Town Girl

A FRIEND of the C.N. is in the habit of buying a paper each morning at a certain little paper-shop, the only place where papers are sold on his way to his early train.

It gives nobody pleasure to buy papers at this shop, for the owner of it is a real old crosspatch. He grumbles at this and he grumbles at that, and is never pleased to see a customer coming along.

One morning the C.N. friend handed Old Crosspatch a shilling for his paper and then, turning down the road, noticed that the change was wrong. He retraced his steps and addressed Old Crosspatch.

"You have given me the wrong change," the customer said.

"Oh, well, I can't help that. I can't do anything about it now. You should have noticed it sooner."

"Very good," the customer replied; "we will leave things as they are. You gave me sixpence too much. Good morning."

The Old Woman in Her Attic

My little room is high up in the house. The rain's small feet pit-patter. No one comes.

Lonely it is. Sometimes a soft, small mouse peeps out with frightened eyes to find my crumbs.

I have grown old in this small attic room.

One after one my dear friends went away.

In the still night how black the shadows loom! But shadows do not last; they go by day.

I have a roof (so close). I have a fire. I would not change my garret room, not even

For a grand floor below: there is none higher; The floor above this little room is heaven.

Marjorie Wilson

C.N. Philosophies

Friendship

THAT was a sharp urchin, though perhaps he was not as good as he might have been, who said that a friend is a bloke who sticks to you, even when he has found you out. The faithfulness of a friend was all-in-all to him.

Whether the friend was unchanging because he was sorry for him, or because he saw some strain of good in him, or because he was a kindred spirit, or because he could make use of him, did not count. Only loyalty mattered.

But the little fellow was "only partly right; for, though loyalty is one good test of friendship, it is not all. There may be friendly feelings, but there can never be a full, two-sided friendship without solid virtue underneath it. Without a foundation of virtue, which is goodness, friendship will let you down sooner or later.

With God all things are possible.
Jesus

THE WAY FOR THIS TROUBLED WORLD EXPERTS ON GERMANY'S CRISIS

Now For the Statesmen To
Quit Themselves Like Men
END WAR DEBTS AND PULL
DOWN TARIFF WALLS

All the world now knows on the highest authority that the financial state of Germany is so bad that she cannot meet her financial obligations this year.

A Committee of experts from the chief countries of the world, meeting at Basle, has issued a report which not only confirms Germany's own figures but reveals to other countries how serious the position is for them. The Committee advocates a complete readjustment of all Reparations and War Debts.

This, of course, is a task for statesmen, but the experts have set before them the facts and the figures which they cannot ignore. Here are some of them.

A Balance-Sheet

A rough balance-sheet for 1931 was estimated to show how £360,000,000 had left Germany during the year. This sum was made up of

£40,000,000	...	six months reparations
£245,000,000	...	loss of foreign capital
£75,000,000	...	paid on foreign loans

The money was paid by

£150,000,000	...	Germany's exports
£85,000,000	...	bank reserves
£125,000,000	...	from other sources

Germany's position was specially liable to ill effects from a world crisis as large sums had been lent her on a short-term basis. At the end of last July a sum of £600,000,000 was on loan to her from abroad. The Standstill Agreement due to expire at the end of February saved less than half this sum from being withdrawn.

The effect on the Reichsbank has been serious. Its reserve at the beginning of 1931 was £135,000,000, at the end of the year its net reserve was £27,000,000, a twelve per cent cover of the internal currency.

Borrowed Millions

The Committee reviews the internal history of Germany in recent years.

After the collapse of the mark her National Debt stood at a very low figure. Today it is as much as £1200,000,000.

In order to secure capital for industries whose earnings could pay reparations Germany borrowed at a high rate of interest from foreign countries. By 1930 she had borrowed nine hundred million pounds; of which over five hundred millions had been paid out in reparations. The remainder has been used in capital reconstruction.

Trade was good, and by investing savings a grand total of £1642,000,000 was secured in the five years to 1929. Of this over a thousand millions were spent on public utilities and services. Towns developed gas and electricity, equipped schools, built hospitals and houses, and made canals, roads, and so on. Factories were reorganised and the merchant fleet was reconstructed.

A Gleam of Hope

This has meant that money lent on short term has been locked up in long-term investments.

The annual expenditure of the Government increased year by year, so that when the crisis came and tax receipts went down the budget deficit was correspondingly high. Wages and prices have therefore been lowered, and taxes raised by decrees; and the Committee is of opinion that the last decree has made the burden so heavy that it cannot be increased.

Looking beyond Germany the experts have called attention to the world problem, pointing out that the 30 per cent fall in world prices exceeds

THE HUNGRY RATS

A STRANGE story comes from Switzerland. One morning a man who lives in a village called La Ville d'Arbois went into his garage to see how the car was faring in the terrible frost. He opened the door, stood aghast, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. Nothing was left of the car but the iron framework.

There was no sign of fire, but plenty of other signs. An army of rats had descended in the night and eaten his car down to the framework. It is very sad, and we are sorry for him, for the car was not insured against being eaten.

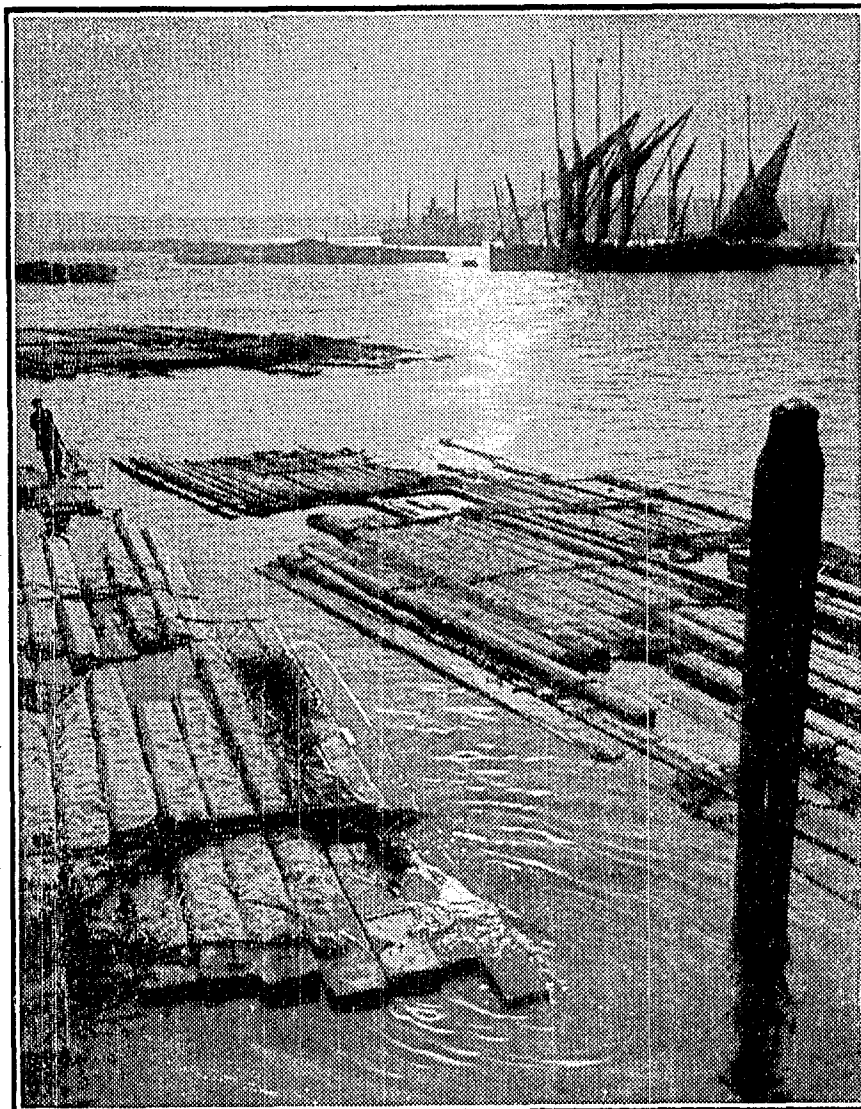
We know that goats will chew newspapers up and make a meal of bits of

tin, and there are old stories of the mule eating the colonel's boots, but we had never heard of any animal eating a car down to the iron frame—covering, rugs, windscreen, tyres, and all.

Those rats must have been really hungry and their number must have been great. No doubt the rest of the car-owners in Arctic Switzerland are shaking in their shoes lest their turn should come next.

And no doubt the rats have opened a new chapter in the history of cars. We expect very soon to see a new make of motor-car on the market advertised as warranted uneatable.

LUMBERING ON THE THAMES



Some of the timber that arrives in the Port of London is thrown into the river and kept in the form of rafts until it is needed. In this twilight picture, which was taken at Wapping, a lumberman is seen at work.

Continued from the previous column

the fall in any period of depression during the last 100 years, and that the reduced purchasing power of vast numbers has led to banking crises and withdrawals of capital from countries in Central Europe.

Lending countries have even been compelled to abandon the gold standard, and thus upset international trading relations. The consequent loss of confidence has caused a universal tendency to hoard, which if it were to continue would bring to a standstill the whole system of credit. And, finally, a tariff crisis has been added, each country seeking to defend its diminished production by increasing import duties, which result in the still further shrinkage of international trade.

There is, however, a gleam of hope in the final paragraphs of the report, which say:

Notwithstanding the exceptional character of the present crisis there is no instance in economic history of a crisis which was not followed by periods of stability or prosperity.

It is now up to the world's statesmen to do their part; and there is not much

doubt that by settling the German problem they can do much to relieve the whole world of its crushing burdens.

Almost everybody agrees that War Debts must stop; and even Lord Rothermere started the New Year by saying that the world must get together and the Tariff Walls must come down.

TELEVISION MOVING ON

A C.N. correspondent has been looking into Television matters in America, and finds that it is fast becoming as general a hobby as wireless was with amateurs a few years ago.

Quite a lot of broadcasting of pictures takes place every day, and thousands of homes are equipped with television sets, which throw pictures of various sizes on to a screen which can be watched by several people at a time. The images are remarkably clear, and are mostly of artists performing on musical instruments, singers, entertainers, or of fashion and other advertisements. A television set costs less than an ordinary wireless set, but the two must be worked together.

While America is leading the way, it is good to find that our Scottish inventor, Mr Baird, is competing there.

ONE DAY IN 1384

THE GIRL KING OF POLAND

Strange Story of the Life of the Middle Ages

THE SORROWS OF JADWIGA

Once a little girl of eleven was crowned king, not in jest but in earnest.

We are reminded of her strange story by Miss Charlotte Kellogg's new history of Jadwiga, just issued by Macmillans at 12s 6d.

One day in 1384 the fatherless child left her dolls and her home in Hungary and journeyed to Poland, where they crowned her king, not queen. She could not speak the language of the people about her, and she was very lonely.

But the little girl remembered her dead father's words; she must put her trust in God and do her duty as a ruler.

A Terrible Happening

Poor solemn child, she began at once to try to understand her duties, and in time she grew into a great ruler.

In those early and lonely days she used to think things would be better when William came. He was a little boy who had been her playmate and her affianced husband. Their fathers had betrothed them in early childhood, and the children believed themselves bound to each other by solemn religious vows. Besides, they loved each other.

Then a terrible thing happened. The grim nobles of Poland came to Jadwiga and said she must not marry William, because he was an Austrian. She must marry Jagello, Duke of Lithuania, so as to bring peace to Poland and Lithuania, who had long been at war.

William Claims His Bride

It was like telling her that she must marry an ogre. Her father was an old crusader, and had often talked to her of the cruelties practised by the Dukes of Lithuania, who were heathens. How could pious little Jadwiga live with a pagan savage? Besides, he was 20 years older and a stranger. So she refused.

William rode into Poland to claim his bride. They locked him out of the castle, but a kindly monk arranged that the child-lovers should meet. Jadwiga determined to run away and marry William. Everything was settled, and then at the last moment she could not go.

Her conscience would not let her. It was her duty to stay at her hard task, to wear the heavy crown, and to bring peace to two warring lands.

William was very angry, and rode away. The little friendless queen was married at 15 to the duke she dreaded.

The Reward of Sacrifice

But he proved to be as gentle as her father had been. He let his little bride convert him to Christianity, and then together they set out to Christianise politics. Old feuds were healed, dark plots unravelled, and crooked ways made straight. The marriage truly brought blessing on the two countries, and Jadwiga's sacrifice was rewarded.

But the lonely, frightened child could not see into the future when she made her choice and sent away her only friend. Never in history, surely, has so young a child been compelled to choose so hard a thing.

Jadwiga died when she was 26, but had already made an undying mark in history by her gifts of statesmanship. She was a great woman: but she was also great before she reached womanhood.

When we think of the wonders of the Middle Ages let us count its children among them and remember how early and bravely they shouldered the burdens of grown-up life.

FLYING VISITS COUNTRY HOUSE GUESTS WHO CALL BY AIR A Great Bowl of Glass Above the Thames

MORE PEOPLE USING THE AIRWAYS

We saw a statement the other day that there are a hundred English country houses where an aeroplane can land in safety.

Is there any more striking illustration of the growth of the flying habit? Almost without our realising it the aeroplane has become a definite part of our lives, and the flying-machine passes overhead practically unnoticed. At many country houses week-end guests arrive by air, and it is no uncommon sight to see light aeroplanes parked among the cars of other guests.

Although most of the pupils who pass through our flying-schools are young people, many middle-aged and elderly folk have taken to the air as a welcome relief from the crowded roads. Nor is flying for the rich only; one of the most flourishing private flying-clubs is run by London busmen, and another is being formed by employees of a dairy combine.

The Question of Cost

An aeroplane capable of flying to Australia in a few days can be bought fully equipped for £550, and the cost of upkeep is little more than that of a moderately-priced car.

Almost any fair-sized field that is reasonably free from trees is a potential landing-ground for light aeroplanes, and indeed the Air Ministry has already approved of the use of many hundreds for air displays and passenger flights. So the question of forced landings is not a very serious problem, even on the extremely rare occasions when an engine does fail. Light aeroplane engines are today as reliable as those in cars.

The autogiro, which is now being sold as a comfortable cabin machine, can be landed with safety on a space as small as a tennis court; and we have seen an aeroplane with Handley Page slots drop to Earth in the hands of a skilful pilot almost as if it were a parachute.

Mid-City Aerodromes

The day of the roof-top aerodrome is not yet here, although suggestions have been made that the roofs of various London stations should be adapted for use by aircraft.

Another scheme under consideration is the erection of a huge landing-station 200 feet above the Thames between Charing Cross and Waterloo Bridges. This would be made of glass and would be bowl-shaped, so that its sides would tend to reduce the run of machines after alighting. This great glass aerodrome, with an area of forty acres, would be used by commercial as well as light planes.

The old invitation *Drop in and see us* is already answered actually by many who call by air to see friends in the country. How long will it be before we go visiting our town friends in this way, using mid-city aerodromes or convenient flat roofs on which to alight?

Increasing Traffic

While private flying is increasing in popularity more and more people are using the established airways. Although the railways report reduced earnings for last year the receipts of Imperial Airways for the period April to November show a substantial increase on the figures for the corresponding period in the year before. In the last two months of 1931 Imperial Airways machines serving the Continent carried about 2200 passengers, twice as many as in the same period a year earlier.

In France, Germany, and the United States it is the same. In America, with 435,650 passengers carried in 1931, there is an increase of nearly 13 per cent, and goods traffic shows an increase of almost 200 per cent.

ENGINES USED AT SEA Turbines Giving Way

All boys, and many girls, are interested in engines; indeed, there are few people for whom they have no fascination.

The history of marine engineering has been full of change. We may recall that not 50 years have elapsed since steamships beat sailing-vessels on the high seas. Fifty years ago there were as many tons of sailing-ships as of steamships on the oceans, but now sail has almost disappeared.

The steamship, however, was apparently doomed to have a much shorter life than the sailing-ship. Steam still moves the majority of the world's vessels, but the motor-ship, using internal combustion engines, is making extraordinary headway.

The Steam Turbine

For long the reciprocating engine, based on the essential principle of a piston moving to and fro in a cylinder, was the only type of steam-engine; it grew in size and complexity, but essentially it remained the same thing.

Then came the Parsons steam turbine, which worked on a quite different principle, that of causing a shaft to revolve by reason of jets of steam blowing upon blades fixed to it. The principle of the turbine is extraordinarily simple, but working it out in practice was a very difficult thing.

The success of the turbine has been limited by the application of an entirely different principle, that of the internal combustion engine, which dispenses with steam altogether and moves a piston in its cylinder by the expansion of gas generated from oil.

Marine-Engine Progress

How the three types of marine engines have progressed in recent years is thus shown by Lloyd's:

Reciprocating Engines in tons	Steam Turbines in tons	Motors in tons
1922 51,600,000	8,100,000	1,500,000
1925 50,000,000	9,100,000	3,500,000
1928 50,500,000	9,200,000	6,600,000
1931 50,200,000	9,100,000	9,400,000

It will be seen that the reciprocating engine had barely held its own in the last nine years. The steam turbine has made an increase, but that increase is checked. The motor, or internal combustion engine, has made great and uninterrupted progress.

This scientific warfare is not yet perhaps decided, but it almost looks as if the motor-ship will win.

FOLLOWING THE SUN The Long Flight of the Godwits

The long-distance flights undertaken by our famous airmen are very wonderful, but so are the voyages of our migratory birds.

Perhaps the most famous of these long-distance bird fliers are the godwits, small wading birds which spend the months from October to April on the harbours at the north of New Zealand, and then fly North to spend another summer in Siberia and Alaska.

In March the godwits can be seen feeding on the tiny creatures in the shallow harbours and estuaries, so as to get themselves in good condition for the long flight northward. They collect in great flocks at the extreme north of New Zealand in April and gather their last shrimps and shellfish.

Then the flock wheels up into the heavens, straight up until they can hardly be seen, and set out for the North. They fly very high to escape the storms. How they find their way up and down the ocean nobody can say. They have no compasses and no wireless.

An old man who was just died at Reading was at the Siege of Sebastopol and in the Indian Mutiny.

THE FARMER'S STOCK Immense Deals in U.S.A.

We have from time to time given particulars of the great efforts made by the United States Federal Farm Board to relieve American farmers by buying up huge stocks of produce.

Official particulars now published in America show that the Board has bought nearly 330 million bushels of wheat, for which it paid roundly £54,000,000. Of this enormous store the Board still has in hand nearly 190 million bushels. The average price paid to the farmers was 82 cents, roundly 3s 5d a bushel, whereas the price of wheat now is only 55 cents, or about 2s 4d a bushel.

The Board also purchased over 1,300,000 bales of cotton for roundly £21,500,000, and nearly the whole of this cotton is still held in store. It cost the Board 8d a pound, whereas the present price is only 3d.

The American Government has thus made heavy losses on its extensive purchases, but it is pointed out that by doing so it has saved tens of thousands of producers from ruin and the entire farming community from irretrievable disaster.

SAFEGUARDING THE PEOPLE'S EYES

A Splendid National Scheme

For nearly a year the British Medical Association has been putting before our doctors the advantages of the Eye Service scheme instituted by the National Ophthalmic Treatment Board for the whole country.

They have issued lists of local doctors specially qualified to treat defective vision and diseases of the eye, to whom insurance doctors and others are urged to send their patients.

All insured persons with their dependants and others whose family income does not exceed £250 a year can benefit by the scheme.

A medical examination and a prescription for glasses are supplied under this scheme with any simple operative treatment that can be given at a single consultation; glasses are provided at a fixed scale of charges.

The inclusive charge for the eye-specialist's fee and a metal-framed pair of spectacles does not exceed £1, and the eyesight of the poorest is well worth that relatively small expenditure.

A CHRISTIE BOOK

Treasures of the Auction Rooms

Christie's Season 1931 (Constable, One Guinea).

The lover of beautiful things who has leisure and lives in London can spend many a happy hour in visiting the great auction rooms where treasures are bought and sold.

Except when they make brief appearance at a sale, perhaps once in a hundred years, many of the most lovely works of the artist are unknown to the world at large, so that a book like this, full of beautifully-reproduced photographs, is a welcome addition to the art books on our shelves.

Bound in a charming cover designed by Mr Charles Ricketts, the book is divided into sections—Old Masters, Silver, Porcelain and Pottery, Furniture, and so on. Every illustration is described, and the name of the purchaser and the price paid are given.

Who is there who will not rejoice to see once more Reynolds's Lord Egmont holding his wife by the hand, or Hogarth's Anne Wolstenholme in muslin cap and pinafore? These two English masterpieces would alone make any book worth while, and Messrs Christie, Manson, and Woods are to be congratulated on one more fine volume added to their library.

Five generations have met at a party at the home of Mrs Brailsford at Edinstowe, Notts.

THE LEAGUE'S LOG Last Year's Notable Activities

PREPARING FOR A FUTURE WORLD COMMUNITY

The log-book of the League of Nations for 1931 contains many entries that are worth re-reading before it is put away on the shelf. Here are some of them.

In different parts of the world the League gave its aid to countries wishing to build-up themselves anew.

Three people went to Liberia to give practical advice on matters of finance, health, and administration; others went to China to help its Government to plan a national health service, a new scheme for transport, a new economic system, and a modern educational system, while factory inspection was undertaken by delegates of the I.L.O.

All this work was done in response to the special requests of Liberia and China.

The health of rural districts was fully studied at a conference of practical people concerned with such matters, and much help was thereby given to countries where conditions are still primitive.

Helping Refugees

The Nansen Refugee Office opened at Geneva to find employment for 130,000 able-bodied refugees and to assist 65,000 invalids, old people, and children scattered through Europe, Syria, and China.

In matters of finance the League received requests from Austria and Hungary for renewed aid in solving their difficult problems. This was given, and a resolution was passed by the Assembly that the League should hold itself in readiness for such calls on its attention.

Three conventions to regulate the international use of cheques were adopted by which they will be subject to similar laws in all countries agreeing to these conventions.

The conference on Road Traffic also resulted in important international agreements, one as to uniform road signals and the other as to freer touring for motorists, countries agreeing to allow foreign cars to be driven within their territories free of tax for ninety days.

The Drug Conference resulted in a measure of limitation of the making of narcotics and a proposal to limit the production of poppies at some future period.

This principle of limitation by a world conference for the benefit of the world's people is of extreme importance.

The Slaughter of Whales

The whaling convention carries out the same idea, that a limit should be put to the slaughter of whales, which are the natural riches of the sea and therefore the world's property.

In accord with this also is the close consideration given to the question of the international control of coal and mines.

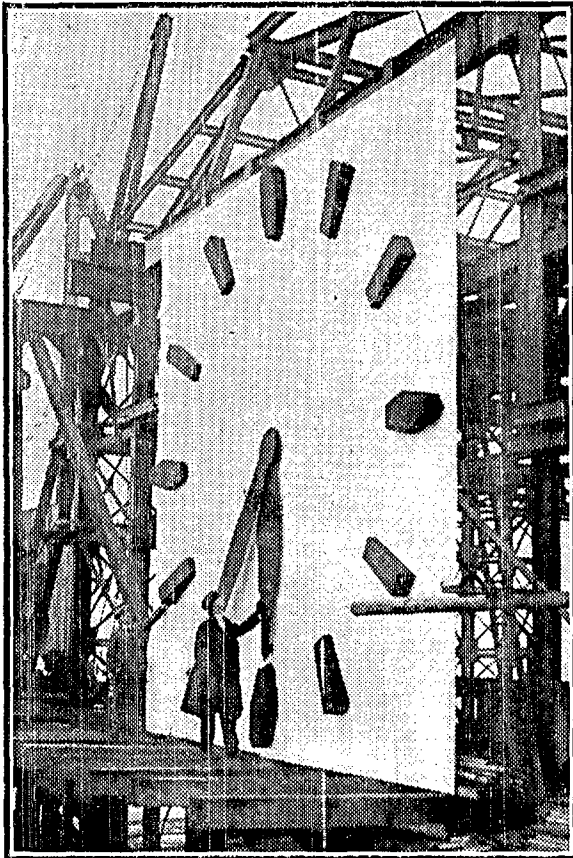
So, gradually, preparations for a future world community are taking shape. Still one more of the institutions which it will need was set up, the International Agriculture Credit Company for lending money to agriculture on reasonable terms. This follows the International Bank, already doing such essential work at Basle, and leads to the proposal for a third bank for credits to industry, a proposal which was accepted by the Assembly and doubtless would have materialised by now had times been more normal.

A JUDGE SPEAKS

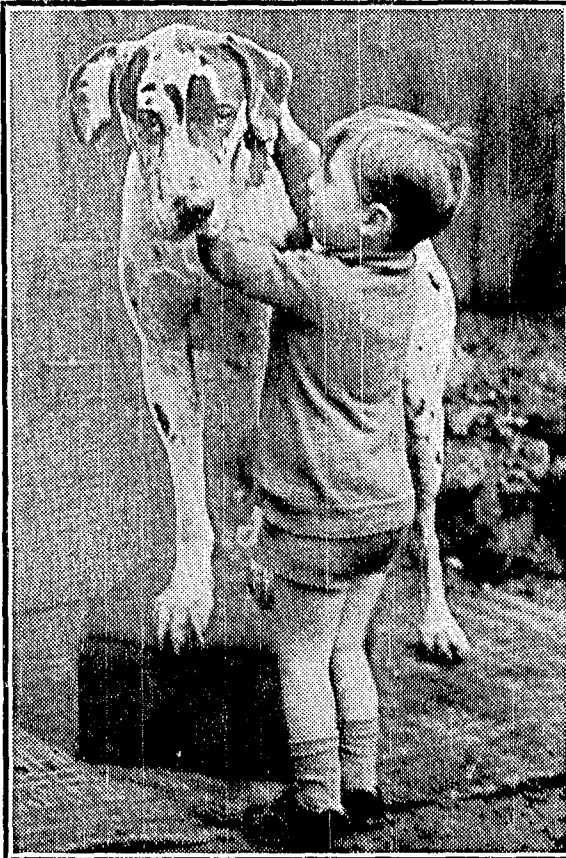
I said some time ago that if motorists are brought before me for running away after killing a man by accident I am going to give them lashes. I shall, therefore, give them to you, and I shall do the same in every case, whether the motorist is black, brown, or white.

Mr Justice Krause in South Africa

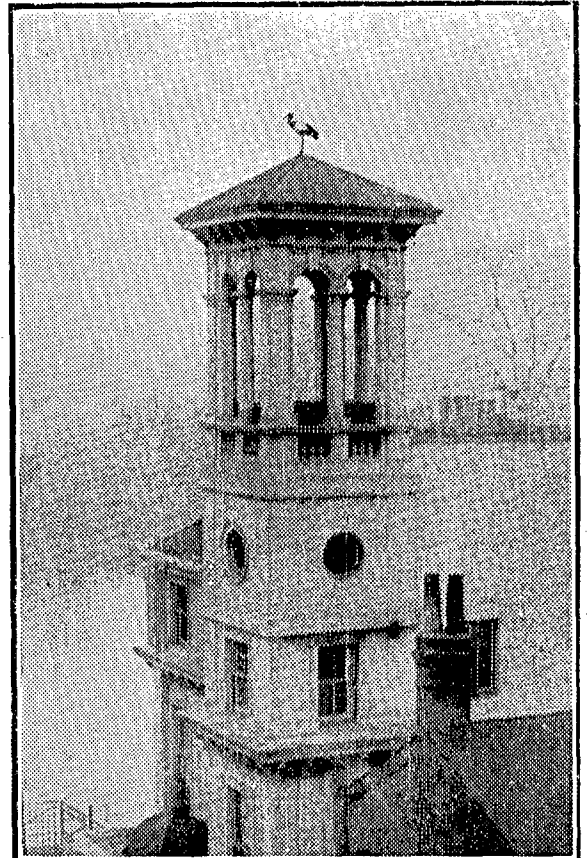
GIANT CLOCK • WINTER SPORTS IN SCOTLAND • ARTIFICIAL WATERFALL



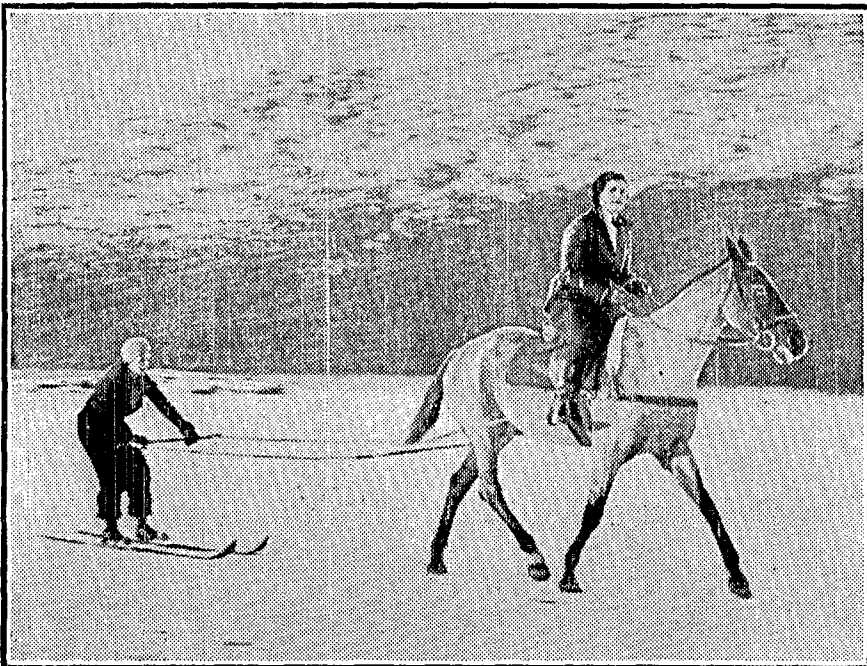
A Giant Clock—The new building on the site of the Hotel Cecil will have a clock bigger than Big Ben. This dial is a dummy, set up to show the effect of the finished clock.



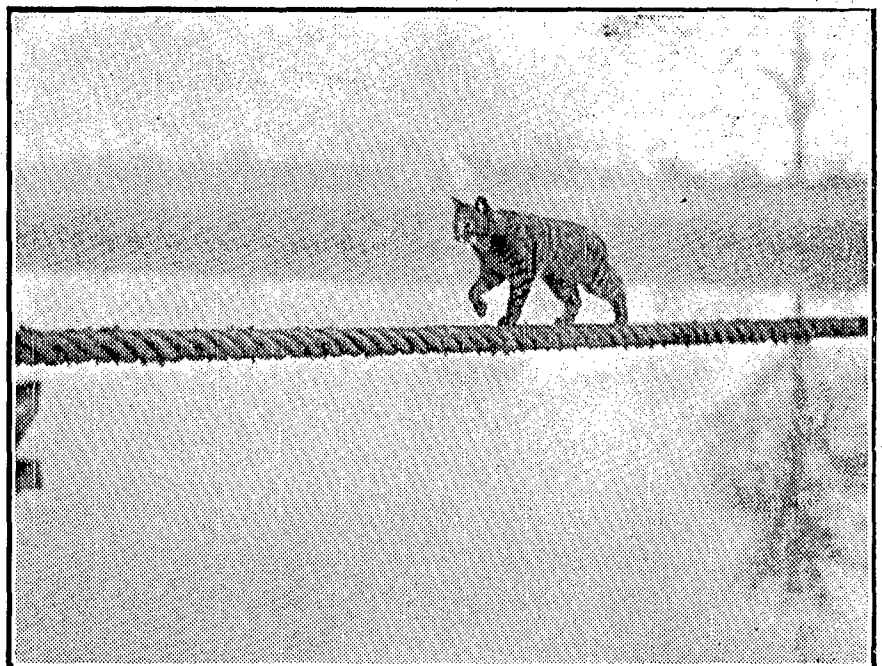
Small Boy's Big Pet—This Great Dane is actually much younger than its little friend. The dog, Sedricson, which is sixteen months old, has already won many prizes.



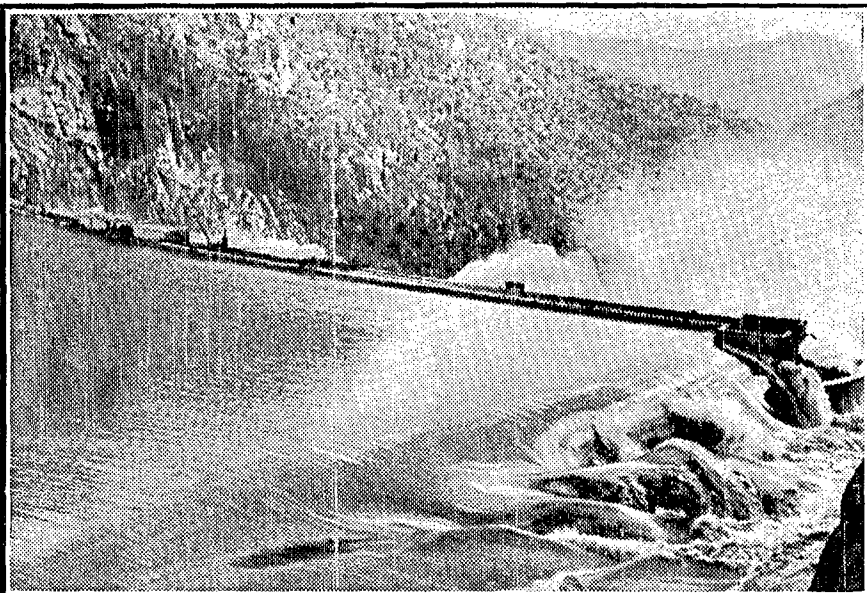
A Living Weather-Vane—A heron flying along the Thames at Richmond the other day perched on the roof of this tower and rested for a few minutes before continuing its flight.



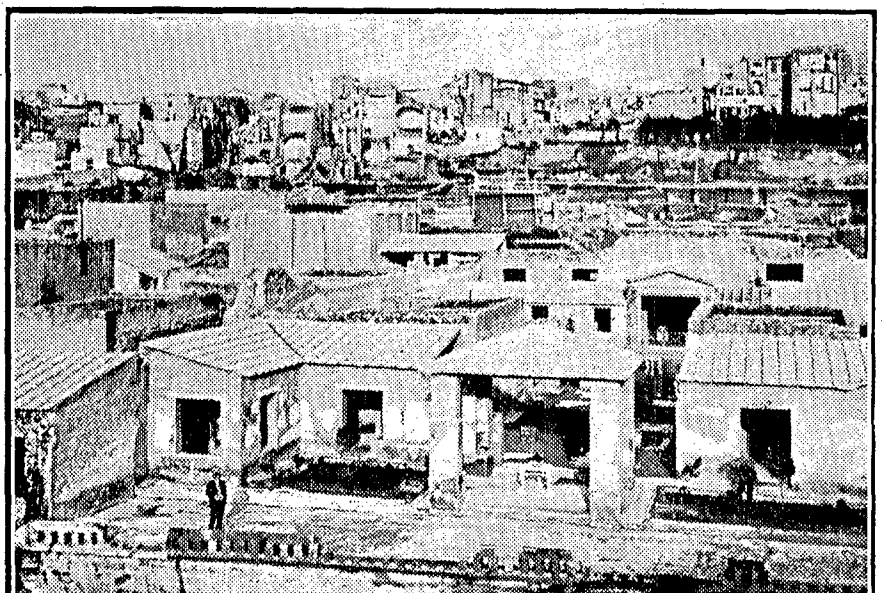
Scotland For Winter Sports—Winter sports enthusiasts have been spending their holidays this year in Scotland instead of Switzerland. This picture was taken in Perthshire.



The Tight-Rope Walker—This Oxford cat is a tight-rope walker. When he wishes to cross the river he walks along the rope with which the ferry boat is hauled to and fro.



Artificial Waterfall—The Burringluck Dam, in New South Wales, forms a reservoir 40 miles long which irrigates the surrounding country and supplies water for Sydney, nearly 150 miles away. Our picture shows flood water pouring over the dam.



Ancient City As It Was—Herculaneum, which was buried by the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D., has been partially reconstructed in the past four years. Part of the village of Resina, seen in the background of this picture, is to be demolished for further excavations.

THE HALF-CROWN FRAMED IN GOLD

In his new book on the Tramp Mr Frank Gray has something to say of a real incident that heartened him when he was one day disguised as a Down-and-Out.

In order to find out just how the tramp is treated in a casual ward he was walking along, lame, tired, and with painful feet, from Henley to Thame.

In vain had he hailed car after car to ask for a lift to ease his aching feet, but at last came a two-seater with a man inside with luggage. He allowed the stranger to get in, and it was evident from his baggage that the driver was the Political Officer of Nigeria, and had probably been "up against it" in his time.

He drove the vagrant along, speaking to him kindly. When the moment came for the tramp to resume his walk, he said, nervously and diffidently, "You must take this," and half a crown was slipped delicately into the wanderer's hand. Then "Where are you going after Thame?" the man in the car asked, and on the tramp saying he was going to Banbury the friend said, gently, "I could come out from Oxford tomorrow and motor you if it would help."

Mr Gray buried that half-crown lest it should be taken from him at the next workhouse, but he has dug it up and set it in a wreath of gold.

TINTORETTO'S PARADISE

The Paradise of Tintoretto. By J. Howard Whitehouse (Oxford Press. 10s 6d).

One more book comes to our hands from Mr Howard Whitehouse, who appears to divide his life between producing beautiful books for the love of it and teaching boys at Bembridge School for the love of them.

Mr Whitehouse has rich ideas about books and pictures. His books are a joy to handle and a delight to see. One of his ideas about pictures is an idea we have always felt—that in every gallery there should be under a picture the name of the painter, the year of his birth and death, the year when the picture was painted, and a note about it. It is exasperating to go through great exhibitions and see great pictures hanging there without a word about them when this enlightening information might be given to us so easily.

Mr Whitehouse in this new book takes the last great work Tintoretto painted, tells us all about it, all about the painter and his work, and interests his readers tremendously in this remarkable painting, which has hung for 340 years on a canvas 80 feet wide and 40 feet long. This is Number 31 of the interesting books by Mr Whitehouse, and it has an appeal wide enough to be acceptable as a gift book for all who love beautiful things.

A RAILWAY IDEA

It has been suggested to us by a reader that a uniform fare of one shilling should be made by the railway companies for any journey over 12 miles, shorter journeys being charged at a penny a mile.

This suggestion is based on the success achieved by Rowland Hill's Penny Post, replacing the high postal charges on letters which varied with the distances of their journey.

This idea for passenger traffic was investigated over 40 years ago, when calculations were made and the average journey worked out at less than a shilling. Railway fares were cheaper in those days.

Though passengers are not like letters, but sort and deliver themselves, we fear that the idea is impracticable, as it would mean the subsidising of the few who travel long distances by the many humble folk who travel within a narrow limit even more than happens at present.

THE POWER OF A NOTE OF MUSIC

A C.N. friend who has been reading a C.N. story of Paderewski sends us this story of another great Polish master.

Jean de Reszke, the opera singer whose voice has been likened to the chiming of golden bells, had a beautiful house in Paris where he entertained lavishly, constantly thinking out new ideas to amuse his guests.

One night he held a great dinner party, and when the meal was ended several thin and fragile wineglasses were placed before him. De Reszke stood up, signalled to the orchestra, then raised his hand for silence.

When all was still he flicked with his finger-nail the bowl of one of the glasses. A sweet note rang out and instantly De Reszke's voice was heard repeating it. The sound of that note swelled as the orchestra took it up. It filled the room, and suddenly the guests saw the glass shiver into atoms.

Over and over again the singer flicked a glass, and as each time its note was echoed by his voice and the orchestra the glass was shattered to bits, broken by the unseen force of sound while the guests watched spellbound.

GETTING ON

Many people are asking for more precise information about the trade revival. They are tired of general terms, and wish for details. Here are a few details from the North and the Midlands.

A well-known firm of Manchester and Liverpool has staged a trade show for a year or two consisting of goods bought from foreign sources, and has invited similar firms to come and examine them. The result is that many British firms can now make as good or better articles at the same price, and the firm is buying gloves to the value of £4000, brushes valued at £2000 which once came from Belgium, and other things to the value of £20,000.

Another great business house has followed suit, and a cotton factory has begun to make handbags, bringing a new industry into the hard-hit town of Oldham. Waterproofing has found a home in Bolton, and jam is made among the engineers in Trafford Park, Manchester, which place is just turning out its first heavy oil engines of new pattern.

Mather and Platt's are making canning machinery, and Rogers's of Sheffield are making electric shears. St Helens, in Lancashire, famous for glass, is making a new unbreakable glass which, when hit a heavy blow, disappears into fine powder and is no more seen! St Helens plate-glass is known the world over, and so are her jars and bottles.

OUR BIGGER CHILDREN

The General Post Office, through its medical department, obtains the health records of thousands of typical boys and girls, and we note that in the opinion of the Chief Medical Officer the children of today are much healthier than those of the beginning of this century. The lapse of a generation has made an enormous difference.

A comparison is made between records taken 25 years ago and now. In the first case the average height of 200 boys was found to be 5 feet 5, and their average weight 8 stones 3 pounds. In the later period the average height had increased to just over 5 feet 6, and the average weight to 9 stones 5 pounds. This is surely very remarkable.

Turning to the girls, it was found that height had increased in the same period from over 5 feet 2 to over 5 feet 3, and weight from 7 stone 12 to 8 stone 4.

The improvement is attributed to better feeding, better housing, and prompt and early dental treatment and attention to tonsils.

CHARLES LAMB'S COUNTRY

Historic Hertfordshire. By W. Percival Westell (Austin, Hertford. 10s 6d).

Written by a native of the shire in the lovely garden city of Letchworth, and beautifully printed in its quaint old county town, this book is a rich store of information for all who love the hearty, homely Hertfordshire of gentle Elia.

In these pages Mr Westell guides us through the historic events that have happened within its borders from Roman times until the passing of the Reform Bill. He shows us the remains of the long residence here of men of the ages of Stone, Bronze, and Iron. He devotes a chapter to the historic churches and indicates their treasures. He describes the ancient industries and gives statistics of those that still exist.

In addition we have lists of the famous people who lived and died in the county, all its poets, with birthplaces and dates, its 230 kinds of birds, 24 fishes, 28 mammals, and 10 reptiles, as well as a Chronology rich in quaint human interest.

Leafy Hertfordshire is a delightful county to ramble in, and with this book as a guide many will learn to love it as Charles Lamb loved it long ago.

THE WINDOWS OF A CATHEDRAL

In the modern cathedral of Victoria in British Columbia there are some astonishing windows.

A gallery goes round the church, and above this gallery are windows of stained glass representing various occupations of man.

In one a candidate is being ordained by a bishop. In another a barrister is pleading in a court. In another a modern nurse is standing on one side of a patient's bed, while on the other side stands a doctor feeling the patient's pulse. There is a window representing fishermen at sea; Boy Scouts; a musician conducting an orchestra; men lumbering; a schoolmaster in a gown with boys at desks. In one window architecture is portrayed, mining is shown, and engineering and science; a man is writing in his study, and there is a farmer ploughing.

Certainly these windows are astonishing, and yet is not the idea a fine one? The idea is, of course, that almost any occupation, fishing in the deep seas, conducting music in a theatre, helping to heal the sick, or anything else, is in its own particular way a dedication.

A MAN AND HIS DOG

We all know those ridiculous bottles of so-called medicine which profess to cure every malady under the Sun, but in real life it is rare that the same treatment will cure opposite sorts of illness.

A man with a chill needs to be kept warm, while one with a fever needs cooling off, and so it goes.

It comes as something of a shock, therefore, to learn that acquiring a dog guide has worked like a miracle in improving the health of two Frenchmen who suffered from exactly opposite difficulties. One was over-fat from having no chance to exercise, while the other suffered from nervous indigestion because he never took time off to relax a bit. Provided with a dog each, the fat man was free to go out as much as he chose, the dog asking nothing better; and the thin man was obliged to take his dog out to be sure it got proper exercise, and in keeping his dog fit he became fit himself.

Another man, an American, was crippled for years with arthritis, but since he has had his dog he has forgotten all about the pains in his joints. Not only has he a new interest in life to distract his attention, but it is quite likely that the fact that he gets about more has improved his health.

A SKY BLACK WITH AIRCRAFT?

An astonishing programme of building has been laid out for Mr Ford's new aircraft factory at Ford, near Yapton in Sussex.

If it is representative of what is to be expected in other English factories we must expect a sky darkened with aeroplanes in the not distant future.

Aeroplanes will be built at Ford of many standard types. One will carry eleven passengers, another fourteen, and a third will carry freight only. Then there is to be a fourth type, very luxurious, with a Pullman cabin for seven passengers and accommodation for nearly a ton of luggage.

All these machines are to have three motors, any two of which will be able to propel them at full speed. In this way a breakdown of a motor will be neither dangerous nor a cause of delay. Many of the parts will be interchangeable just as are the parts of standard motor-cars today.

The aeroplanes will be built of duralumin and aluminium throughout, and thus be fireproof, and all will cruise at a speed of between 120 and 150 miles an hour. Mr Ford has thought of a hundred things to provide additional safety, and the machinery has been designed especially for mass production.

A PUBLIC DANGER

The Manchester Cleansing Department and the Manchester Police are very much perturbed.

During the last few months a large number of war relics have been discarded by householders and put into the dustbin.

The trouble came to a head with the discovery, a few days ago, of an aerial bomb, with its propeller and every tiny bit of mechanism in such perfect order that had it got into the city destructor the whole building, and the workers in it, might have been blown sky-high.

The police think that the discarding is done by young housekeepers who have no idea of the danger attached to these trophies of the Great Curse. Once again they wish it to be widely broadcast that people wishing to dispose of these relics should give them to the police.

Will you please pass on this much-needed warning?

WE DO NOT KNOW

We have assumed that the living cells we have known are the ultimate units in biology.

Of late years, however, the viruses have forced themselves into our thoughts. Potent agencies, responsible for fell disease; small enough to be outside the range of ordinary microscopic vision, yet in some limited sense, at least, capable of self-reproduction. What are viruses? Do they merely stimulate some of the properties of the living? Can we conceive of them as something between the non-living and the living? Are they alive? We do not know.

Research upon them is at any rate intensely active at the moment, and its results may make it necessary to modify some fundamental ideas.

President of the Royal Society

IDLE HANDS

In the United States a National Commission set up to study law observance has reported on the causes of crime.

The Commissioners say that there is a definite relationship between idleness and crime in America, as we should naturally expect. An analysis of the records of the prisoners admitted to Sing Sing during 12 months shows that nearly half of those convicted of crimes against property were out of work at the time.

PLUTO AT HIS NEAREST

Most Distant Planet Amid Millions of Stars

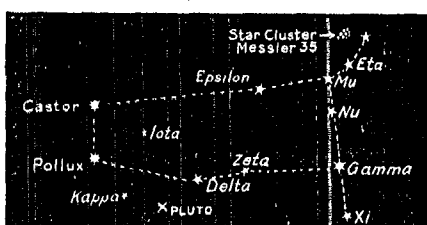
THE WONDERFUL SUNS OF CASTOR

By the C.N. Astronomer

The glorious constellation of Gemini, the celestial Twins, is now so high in the south as to be almost overhead about midnight and high in the south-east earlier in the evening.

Apart from its sparkling host of suns, which powerful telescopes reveal in millions, it is of particular interest because it contains the newly-discovered world of Pluto within its confines.

Pluto is the most distant planet of the Solar System. Just now it is at its nearest to the Earth this year, and though it cannot be seen without a



The chief stars of Gemini. The position of Pluto is marked with a cross

powerful telescope it is something to know where it is, as shown in the star-map.

Far off though Pluto is (about 3700 million miles at the present time) the stars of Gemini are all immeasurably farther. We may understand this fully when we consider that, while the light from Pluto takes about 5½ hours to reach us from his dim sunlit surface, the light from the nearest of Gemini's bright stars, Castor, takes 43 years to get here. Castor is therefore about 68,232 times farther off than Pluto, and 2,730,000 times the distance of our Sun.

Pluto appears to be not much more than half the diameter of our world. It is, however, exceedingly massive and heavy, as if all its elements were frozen and solidified into a compact, heavy mass. Castor is a vast solar system in itself, possessing six suns and we do not know how many worlds.

Even a comparatively small telescope will show Castor as two stars, while each star is found by spectroscopic evidence to be composed of two immense white-hot suns much larger and hotter than ours, but not much more massive, one pair being about the same.

The orbit of the largest pair averages only two and a half million miles in diameter; that is, the centre of each sun averages only this distance from the other's centre. From this we see how very close together their surfaces must be, for the suns themselves are between one and two million miles in diameter. These colossal spheres revolve around a central point between them in only 9½ days.

A Marvellous Pair

The other and smaller pair of suns are still nearer together, their centres averaging only 1,600,000 miles apart, while they whirl round in their small orbits in only three days at terrific speed.

Now each of these two wonderful pairs of suns revolves around a common centre of gravity in about 306 years. But each pair is at an immense distance, averaging 7440 million miles, from the other pair. (This is twice the present distance of Pluto from the Earth.)

As our Sun appears only as bright as a very bright star as seen from Pluto, therefore, were we on a world midway between these pairs of great suns of Castor, each pair would appear as two intensely bright stars close together.

There is yet one more and smaller pair of suns, only a little more than half the diameter of our Sun, which form part of Castor. These are approaching the burned-out stage, after which they will become worlds; but what a marvellous pair they will make! G. F. M.

C. L. N. PIONEERING FOR PEACE

A Book For Children About the League

THE ELEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT

Number of Members—30,604

Every C.L.N. member who wants to know something about the work of the League of Nations should read *Pioneering for Peace*, by Hebe Spaul (Sheldon Press, 2s).

It is full of interesting stories which the author has gleaned from officers of the Secretariat of the League and of the International Labour Office. She has also dug out facts about some of the first men who tried to bring about friendship and fairplay among the nations.

One of these was Hugo Grotius, or Huig van Groot, a Dutch lawyer who was sentenced to lifelong imprisonment in a fortress three hundred years ago for trying to bring about peace between men of different religions. Once his wife helped him to escape in a chest.

Drugs as Tomato Sauce

Truth is stranger than fiction in some of the tales telling how the League tracked some smugglers of dangerous drugs like opium and heroin. Fifty pounds of hashish, one of the most deadly of these drugs, were brought by wily smugglers to Egypt hidden inside prunes from which the stones had been removed; great quantities were found in barrels labelled tomato sauce.

To put an end to this eleventh plague of Egypt, as this traffic in poisonous drugs was called, the League officials did work worthy of Sherlock Holmes.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: **C. L. N., 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.**

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

Each application should enclose six-pence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.



The C.L.N. Badge

HYDROGEN TWINS

A Midway Element Found

A midway element, something between hydrogen and helium, has just been discovered.

It is an "isotope" of hydrogen, and consists of pairs or twins of hydrogen atoms chemically united.

The interesting point about it is that, like some of the rare elements, its existence was foretold and its discovery made through searching for something else the existence of which had been predicted by scientific reasoning.

It was predicted last May that such a substance as H₂ would be found. Then began a search with that wonderful instrument the spectroscope, which reveals those coloured lines, against a faint rainbow background, which are characteristic of each one of Nature's elements.

These lines—violet, blue, green, orange, or red—are not arranged haphazard, as they would appear at first sight when one looks at a spectrum, but the lengths of the waves of coloured light which produce them are connected in the most amazing way. The first link between spectrum lines was discovered years ago by Balmer, and it was found in the spectrum of hydrogen. Close to these hydrogen lines have been seen other very faint lines, until recently thought to be "ghosts" due to defective optical workmanship. By the use of more exact instruments in examining hydrogen concentrated by extremely low temperature Columbia University and the Bureau of Standards have now revealed the "ghosts" to be due to the new hydrogen twin atom.

THE HERRINGS ARE LAYING THEIR EGGS

From a Marine Laboratory

The herrings began to arrive in December. This month and through the month of February they will be coming close inshore to lay their eggs.

The eggs of a herring, unlike those of the pilchard and sprat, are fixed by a kind of gluey substance to stones, shells, and gravel on the sea floor; thousands may occur in one mass. One herring may lay as many as 47,000 eggs.

The mother herring is not an anxious parent, and thinks no more of her eggs after they are laid. Indeed she has been known to devour the babies just after they are hatched; and very often she eats the eggs too. The eggs and babies may not be her own, but it nevertheless shows that she may be sometimes a true cannibal.

The eggs are very tiny; if placed in a row several would lie on a threepenny-piece. They are tough and yellowish-white in colour. As soon as they are laid the baby herrings begin to develop inside, and in ten days to a fortnight they hatch out.

A Great Advantage

Each egg is provided with plenty of yolk, just as it is in the hen's egg, and on this the developing herring feeds. Even when hatched some of the yolk remains as a little sac behind the head, and it is not till all this yolk is used up that it is necessary for the baby fish to fend for itself.

The newly-hatched herring is about half-an-inch long, and its whole body is glassy in its transparency. Only the eyes and a few spots underneath are dark. It is so clear that in the water it can hardly be seen at all, which is a great advantage, for it has many enemies.

Although hatching at the bottom it comes up near the surface of the water almost directly, for there it finds so much more to eat. The sea is full of life, especially near the surface, where there is more light.

The baby herring feeds on the minute living things which are floating about, tiny plants, shells, and shrimp-like creatures, all so small that they can only be seen with a microscope. It is always feeding, darting about to catch these tiny specks, and feeding well it grows quickly. At first there is a fin all round the body, then fins with rays begin to form, a tail fin and one above and one below the body; also paired fins corresponding to our arms and legs. These fins are used for steering and balancing, and the whole body moves from side to side when swimming.

What Whitebait May Be

When a few months old the little herrings migrate up the estuaries, and are to be found here in enormous numbers. In the estuaries is still richer food, chiefly a kind of shrimp, and still greater changes go on while growth takes place. Later on the herrings become silvery because of the scales which appear on the body. Then and just before they are known as whitebait.

Whitebait may be a mixture of the young of herrings, pilchards, and sprats. In the Thames Estuary, so celebrated for the whitebait dinners at Greenwich, it is a mixture of herrings and sprats, sometimes only herrings.

When the scales are formed the little herring is like its parents, and it now only has to feed and grow and return to the sea and wander about, and in a few years it will come again to these coasts to lay its eggs near the shore in winter-time.

THE AMAZING QUESTION

One of the most amusing stories we have heard for some time is told by Mrs Marion Cran in a new book on America.

When she was at a party in California she happened to say something about the Boy Scouts near her home in Kent. Someone said, surprised:

"Have you Boy Scouts in England?"



Children play hard

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Most colds can be stopped easily in their early stages. Just a drop or two of Vapex on the handkerchief inhaled from time to time during the day cleanses the breathing passages. If the disease germs are destroyed before they have time to permeate the system the cold cannot develop and the body quickly regains its full vitality.

The popular belief that "a cold will run its course whatever you do" has been responsible for very many avoidable deaths from Influenza, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, etc.

Always have Vapex in your home. Be ready for the first slight symptoms of an oncoming cold—the warmth of the palms, the "rustiness" of the throat, the hot head, the "below par" feeling. Used at that early stage Vapex acts like magic, gently stimulating the respiratory system to increased resistance. Your cold will soon be a thing of the past.

Of Chemists 2/- and 3/-

(Double quantity in 3/- size.)

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V 71

A Proper Holiday

is out of the question unless you have a copy of the grand Christmas Holiday Story number of **LITTLE FOLKS** which is now on sale. It's simply crammed with exciting tales for the Christmas hols.—you'll love it. And you'll revel in Mr Parry's Robin Hood story—

The RED HOUND of CASTLE TAWNY

And there are special competitions to amuse you when the weather's bad. Ask Mummy or Daddy to buy you a copy of

LITTLE FOLKS

January Issue Now on Sale 1/-

MELTING DOWN GOLD SOVEREIGNS News About Money

The London Mint is a fascinating institution.

It has not to strike sovereigns and half-sovereigns as it used to do, for we now for practical purposes solely use paper money, silver and copper money being merely tokens used in small transactions.

Yet quite recently the world was minting gold freely. In the twelve years from 1918 to 1929 gold was coined in the world worth some £400,000,000. About half of this was minted in the United States. The amount struck at the British Mint was about £120,000,000, a large part of which has since been re-melted into gold bars for export.

In 1930 the Bank of England for the first time converted gold sovereigns into bars of gold. About £33,000,000 worth of gold coins, many freshly minted, were melted down before the end of that year.

Not Many Threepenny-Bits

It is interesting to note the nature of the demand for silver money. Out of every £100 worth of silver coins minted in 1930 half-crowns accounted for about 39 per cent. The percentage of the other silver coins was: two-shilling pieces, about 30; shillings 19; sixpences 11; the rest being threepenny-bits.

The Mint reports that, owing to the heavy discount in the Australia exchange, it was worth the while of travellers to bring home to England any silver or bronze coins they could collect in the Commonwealth, for they could buy them cheaply and bring them home to be disposed of at their face value. It is said that travellers have not been slow to take advantage of this anomaly and that many of them have actually embarked for home bringing sacks of British coin with them.

A HOLD-UP ON A YORKSHIRE ROAD

Eight-Year-Old Highwayman

From a certain manse in Yorkshire have come many pleasant tales for the C.N., but surely none more charming than this story of the small highwayman, aged eight, found at the cross roads one dark night, holding up the travellers for the sake of his black kitten.

On one of these dark evenings, when the mills in the village had "loosed," two young women I know well were climbing the long, steep, lonely road to their moorland homes.

Reaching a point where three lanes forked, they were surprised to come across a little lonely figure standing where he could command the three ways. Not altogether alone, however, for when the girls drew nearer they saw he was holding a tiny black kitten.

He had been standing there for some time, they learned, and he had quite resolved to stand there for ever if necessary. His mother had said her last word; she would not keep the kitten, for already they had two cats in the house. He must take it away and get rid of it somehow—anyhow.

So this small eight-year-old thought out a plan. He would take his stand at the cross roads, dark though it was and rather far from anywhere, and plead with each passer-by to give his kitty a good home.

So far he had been unsuccessful. Now he renewed his pleadings. But the homes of both his hearers were well supplied with cats. Still he pleaded, till at last one of the girls said "Well, sonny, we've two at home too, but I'll take it and see what my mother says."

A gentle good-bye cuddle and the kitten changed hands to find a happy home (well known to me), while the young highwayman ran home content.

AN ASTONISHING MACHINE TYPEWRITING BY TELEPHONE

Letters Exchanged as Fast as
They Can Be Written

TELEGRAMS A BACK NUMBER

A new machine to save many hours of valuable time to business firms is being introduced by the Post Office.

This machine is called the teletypewriter or teleprinter, and any two people on the telephone who have these machines will be able to type letters to one another over the wire.

The only thing like it in England is the tape machine, but with this firms have only a receiving instrument.

The despatch of typed letters over the telephone wire is already in operation in America, and this is how it is done.

A subscriber wishing to send a letter to another subscriber types the name of his exchange and the number on his machine. The central exchange immediately connects the two lines in the usual way and the first subscriber types his letter. The machine at the other end automatically prints that letter on paper, and as soon as the letter is finished the receiver can reply to it by typing the reply on his machine. This reply is automatically printed on paper in the first subscriber's machine.

From Weeks to Minutes

A week's correspondence, say between Aberdeen and Southampton, can thus be conducted in a few minutes.

This scheme is the most important advance in business methods since the coming of the telephone. It will replace the telephone for all communications in which lists of figures, and so forth, are involved; there will be no errors from faulty speaking or defective hearing, everything will be in writing.

It is a telegraph service which will exceed our present postal telegram service in speed and efficiency a hundredfold.

Any competent typist can operate this machine.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

A book club for children between seven and sixteen has recently been opened in Connaught Street, London.

For a small annual subscription a selection of books is available from a stock of 1,400 new volumes, together with many old favourites. On payment of a small deposit books can be posted to subscribers in any part of the country. One section of the club consists of a bookshop where volumes can be bought, and another section is devoted to books in foreign languages.

Within two days of the opening more than 60 members were obtained, and we understand the club is growing.

THE WATER GIPSY

Who is the most independent person in the world?

Is it the lighthouseman keeping watch on his far rocky island? Hardly, for his watch must be kept.

Is it that orphan heiress looking into a window in Bond Street at a string of pearls, with no parents waiting for her at home?

No, she cannot get away from the glitter of the shops; she is a prisoner.

Perhaps it is a retired doctor of 65 who has lived for ten years in a little boat on the canals and rivers of Europe. He lives now at Strasburg, now on the Danube, now on the Rhone, and has friends all over the waterways. He is responsible for nobody and is free to go and stay where he will. After a hard life of doing good he really deserves his water-gipsying and, by the way, it costs him less than £200 a year.

January 16, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

13

THE DANGER TRAIL

 Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 29 The Gap

THERE was silence for a little in the big, dim room, then Tod laughed.

"You'll make a right fine king, Derek," he remarked, and ducked just in time to avoid the boot which Derek flung at him.

Presently Derek spoke again.

"Tod, we have only three months before we must pay Carbajal or lose the valley. If we're hung up here the valley goes, and that'll just about break Dad's heart and finish your people. Guards or not, we must get out."

"I'm with you all the way," Tod answered, and he was serious enough now. "But it's no use rushing the job. We've got to work out some scheme." He turned to Kespi. "What do you say, chief?"

"I say, like you, go slow. No hurry for two—three days. We make them think we pleased, then maybe they not be so careful."

"That's the ticket," agreed Derek. "I'll stick it so long as they don't make me wear that fool crown."

"Old Yarm's our bright hope," said Tod shrewdly. "I don't believe that old gent has any special use for us, and I've a sort of notion he'd like to see the last of us."

"I think you right," Kespi said. "Yarm no like us at all, and I think he say us good-bye very quick if he have chance. Now I like think a little."

Kespi may have thought, but the boys slept. They had been travelling hard for many days and found it pleasant to slack a while. When they woke the sun was low, and a messenger from Koh was waiting with a request that they would come to him.

Koh was very cordial and said nice things which Kespi translated. He offered them cool drinks, which were very welcome, and suggested that Derek might like to see his future domain.

Derek agreed quite eagerly. It was just the chance he had been looking for, and presently they started out. Koh and Mesrul were carried in litters.

It was quite a procession that started up the valley along a made road which ran through its centre. At the head of the valley a great flight of broad, shallow steps led up to the first terrace.

They went up and found that the terrace was about 150 yards wide and wonderfully cultivated. He saw yams and peppers, tomatoes and peanuts growing, all watered by little channels from streams that poured down from the snows thousands of feet above. Terrace after terrace they climbed till they were high above the valley floor and could see the whole sweep of the mountains surrounding it. Then Tod nudged Derek.

"I've spotted what looks like another way out," he said softly. "Don't look round in a hurry, but it's on the South side, a kind of cleft."

Derek waited a full minute before he turned. Then he saw it, a narrow cleft, but its floor was level with that of the valley, and it seemed to lead right out of the big basin. He was careful to make no remark and not to gaze at it too closely. Indeed, he did not say a word until he and Tod were back again in their quarters. Then they talked it over.

"It may be nothing but a blind canyon," said Derek. "It looks to me as if we had to find out something about it before we try it. And there's another thing. How are we going to get hold of our donkeys? They're still on the far side of the ravine."

"I guess we'll have to go without them," Tod answered. "We're not a long way from the low country where we can find a river and build a balsa. But there's one thing you're right about, we've got to find out where the gap leads. Nice fools we'd look if we had to come back and let on we'd been trying to clear out and found we'd missed the boat. The trouble is we can't talk their lingo, but maybe Kespi can manage."

"He's coming now," said Derek, as someone pushed open the door.

But to their surprise it was not Kespi. Yarm, the sour-faced old priest, came in. They got a second and greater surprise when Yarm addressed them in Spanish.

"Buenos noches, Senores." (Good-evening, gentlemen.)

"You speak Spanish?" exclaimed Derek in that language.

"I do, but you are the only persons in this valley who are aware of that fact, just as I am the only one among my people who has ever been out of the valley."

Derek was almost too surprised to speak. Yarm went on.

"As a young man I was sent on a mission by Halak, who was then chief priest. I visited

La Paz and Cuzco. I have seen the great lake and stood upon the site of the Temple of the Sun. For three years I lived among white men and I learned to hate them."

"I guessed as much," said Derek.

Yarm nodded.

"You have brains," he said bluntly, "and it is possible that you might make a good successor to Koh. But you are restless like all your people. You would not be content to stay here. You would bring in other whites and their foolish inventions. It is not my wish that you should stay."

"It is not mine," returned Derek, as bluntly as the priest himself. "It is no fault of mine that I happen to resemble this Prince Ativa."

"That is true," agreed Yarm. He stared at Derek and frowned. "Yet the likeness is strange and the people believe that you are Ativa come back to life. I dare not kill you, as I at first intended, and it will be a difficult task to get you out of the valley."

Derek gasped, then laughed.

"You are frank, at any rate, Senor Yarm."

"I would have killed you without remorse for the good of my people. Now, if it is possible, I will let you go alive. But first—he paused and his face hardened—"first I will take an oath from you."

CHAPTER 30 The Valley of Fire

DEREK wondered what was coming. Yarm spoke slowly.

"You must swear by all you hold most sacred that you will not inform anyone, not even your own family, of the way to or from this valley, that you will never attempt to visit it again or to bring or send anyone here. This is the only condition on which I will help you to escape."

"I agree," said Derek promptly, "and my friends will make the same promise."

"You swear that by the Sun?"

"I am not a worshipper of the Sun. I swear it by the Great Spirit in whom we all believe," Derek answered.

Yarm's hard little eyes bored into his very brain, and presently the old fellow nodded and seemed satisfied. He took the same oath from Tod, then spoke again.

"There is a second way out of the valley," he told them.

"The cleft on the South," Derek put in.

"That is it. It leads into a second valley called The Valley of Fire. The place is forbidden to the People of the Terraces. It is haunted by a strange beast, and there are serpents there. It is a place of danger, and it may be that you will not live to cross it. Yet if you can win through there is a way out. At the end stands the Leaning Stone. It rises high above the trees and can be seen from afar. Behind this is a cleft in the hills where the people of old made a path up the heights. By this you can pass over the mountain, and beyond is a road which leads to the River Ybera."

"That's fine," said Tod who, though he did not speak much Spanish, understood it well enough. "But, say, how are we going to get away without the folk seeing us? Ask him that, Derek."

Yarm answered that their best chance would be to start two hours before dawn. He himself would see that their packs were ready and food for the journey. The donkeys they would have to leave behind, but in any case the climb was too steep for these animals. He added that the sooner they started the better, and suggested they should go that same night. Then he went away, leaving the two boys in a state of great excitement.

Kespi, who had been at the palace, came in, and they told him what Yarm had said. He showed no surprise.

"It is the thing I think of, myself," he told them.

"What about the queer beast, chief?" Tod asked. "Do you reckon it's real, or did Yarm invent it?"

"It real," Kespi assured them. "Other priests, they tell of him. I think it bad thing of old time."

"You mean it's some sort of prehistoric monster?" Derek asked. But this was a little too much for Kespi. He shook his head.

"Maybe it very old," he admitted. "Men say it very great."

"Then I don't reckon our old scattergun is going to be much use," said Tod regretfully. "But I guess we can dodge it some way. Anyhow, I'm good and rested and quite ready for the road."

"You be more ready if you sleep," said Kespi, and though the boys vowed they were quite fresh he insisted on their turning in.

In spite of their excitement they slept soundly till he roused them at three. Their packs were ready. Yarm had seen to that.

There was as much food as they could carry, and a light-coloured Indian, a powerfully-built man who was one of the younger priests, was waiting to guide them to the valley entrance.

Clouds covered the sky and the night was very dark as the four started. Derek and Tod had done a lot of night marching up on the Alto, but this was a very different business, for now they were picking their way among trees. Fireflies shone in the gloom, wild things rustled overhead.

Erkon, their guide, moved like a shadow on his thin-soled sandals. Once something whizzed like an arrow past Derek's head. But it was only a bird, a sort of night-jar. During the whole of their walk they never saw a soul, and it was still an hour before dawn when they arrived at the ravine.

Ahead was a tunnel of impenetrable gloom. Not a breath of air moved; the silence was uncanny. Erkon said a few words in a whisper to Kespi, then turned and instantly vanished in the darkness. The others moved slowly forward up the bed of the ravine.

It was dry and sandy, quite good walking. No danger seemed to threaten, yet Derek felt oddly uneasy. So, it seemed, did Tod, for presently he spoke in a low voice.

"Say, Derek, I suppose Yarm wasn't kidding us?"

"I wish I knew," Derek answered. "I'm not what you might call happy."

"Nor me, but I don't know why."

"It's just the darkness and the heavy air. We shall be all right when we get out of this crack in the hills," said Derek, trying to speak cheerfully but not making much of a success of it. Then they went on in silence, groping their way in the pitchy gloom.

At last the blackness became a shade lighter, and they knew they had passed through the canyon into the second valley. The floor of it was quite flat, but almost at once they found themselves in heavy timber. There was very little undergrowth, but everywhere huge trunks shot up like shafts, and in the darkness they kept blundering into them until Kespi stopped them.

"We lose way," he said in his clipped English. "I think wait till light come."

The others agreed, and they grouped together beneath one of the forest giants.

"There's a mighty funny smell in this place," remarked Tod presently.

"I've noticed it," Derek answered.

"Like very strong musk."

"Crows, I was going to say," said Tod, "but it's the same thing."

"It might be the snakes Yarm spoke of," Derek suggested. "Boas and anacondas smell like that."

"Ugh!" grunted Tod. "I hate snakes."

It seemed a long time before the blackness changed to grey and the huge tree trunks began to take shape around them. As soon as they could see at all they pushed on.

The difference between this valley and the other was very great. The tremendous trees sprang from a rich volcanic soil which was covered with a thick layer of leaf mould over which their feet passed silently. The whole place was astonishingly, uncannily silent. It was impossible to see more than a few yards ahead, and they had to shape their course by means of the small compass which Derek carried.

Tod stopped suddenly and pointed. Wrapped around a limb of a spreading tree a little to the left was coil upon coil of what resembled a mottled brown cable. From the end there hung down about twelve feet of straight cable ending in a head. A pair of yellow, lidless eyes glared at them, a forked tongue licked pale lips.

"One thing Yarm was right about," Tod muttered as he gazed at the huge serpent. Instinctively they all turned off, leaving the great reptile unmolested.

The light increased as the sun rose, yet down here beneath the dense canopy of foliage the light could never penetrate. Yet the air became hot and sultry. By degrees the forest thinned, and presently they came out upon the rim of a lake.

Close to the shore grew giant water weeds, and a little farther out water lilies with leaves six feet across and blossoms of incredible size and red as blood. The water, when they felt it, was surprisingly warm.

"Must be fed by hot spring," was Derek's verdict.

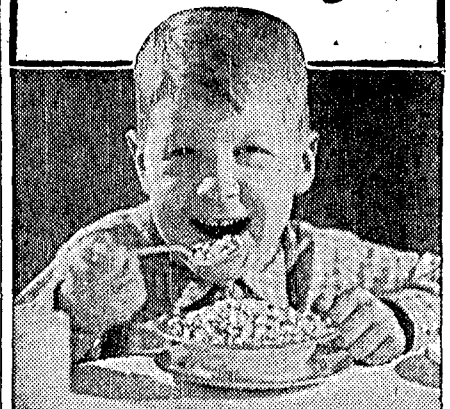
"But, I say, what's done that?" exclaimed Tod, as he pointed to a channel through the weeds. "It looks as if a big boat had been drawn up through the stuff."

They went nearer and examined the ground at the point of landing.

"It not boat," said Kespi. "It beast Yarm tell of."

TO BE CONTINUED

Here's the cereal kiddies enjoy



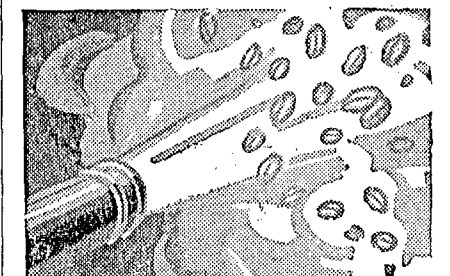
JOHN revels in Puffed Rice. "It tastes good" is his brief but adequate opinion . . . although he doesn't perhaps realise that Puffed Rice is the most nourishing and delicious way rice can be served.



MARY prefers Puffed Wheat. She likes the "Jolly fat grains" as she calls them, grains made easily digestible by "puffing," so that she is getting rich nourishment as well as a delightful breakfast.

Quaker Puffed Wheat contains the richness of the entire wheat grain. Puffed Rice is substantial energy food, puffed to make it completely digestible. Both ready to serve.

Some prefer Puffed Rice, others Puffed Wheat. Try both—ask your family which they prefer.



FOOD shot from guns. Selected grains of rice and wheat are placed in specially constructed ovens. Fiery heat creates enormous pressure. When the guns are fired each grain is puffed to eight or ten times its normal size. The full story of this interesting and novel process is described on the back of each packet.

PUFFED RICE

ALSO

PUFFED WHEAT

Made and Guaranteed by Quaker Oats Ltd., London.

WHO WAS KEATS?

Born London, 1795. Died Rome, 1821.

This rare and great genius was the son of an ostler who had married the daughter of his employer, a livery-stable keeper in Moorfields, London. The poet was born in the house adjoining the stables, and went to school at Enfield, where, after two idle years, he applied himself with extraordinary enthusiasm to the study of literature, of which classical mythology was his favourite.

He carried from school some Latin and French, but no knowledge of Greek in the original. Keats inherited a modest competence from his grandfather, a practical old man, who apprenticed him to an Edmonton surgeon. The work did not appeal to the poet; and though he studied for three years at the London hospitals he withdrew at the earliest possible moment to devote himself to the muse, encouraged by the example, if not advice, of his literary friends, among whom were Shelley and Leigh Hunt.

Endymion, though not free from fault, contains so many beauties that it was hailed with acclamation by all but the Blackwood and Quarterly magazines, which attacked it with characteristic ferocity. He bore the onslaughts bravely, but they left an immovable scar. The last volume contains some of his finest work, but his health was broken. His devotion to a sick brother, the fatigues of a walking tour in Scotland, and his passionate love for a woman who did not appreciate him, rendered his condition critical. He went to Rome, and died three months after arrival.

He had many friends, one of whom (Severn the artist) accompanied him to Rome, and nursed him until he died.

THE PITY OF IT

Visitors to our historic places have to travel along roads where we have allowed our builders to exercise their ingenuity in the creation of the maximum of ugliness. Dr Raymond Unwin

JACKO IN CHARGE OF THE KEY

As a special treat Father Jacko decided one afternoon to take the family to the Pictures.

He was in such a hurry to get them off that they arrived before the doors were opened.

Mrs Jacko was glad of a rest when at last they were allowed inside. But

he generously slipped something in the old man's hand.

Then off he tore again, and was soon on the doorstep fumbling for the key.

To his surprise it was not in his pocket, so he promptly turned all his pockets inside out. In one of them he came across an unexpected hole.



He turned his pockets inside out

no sooner had they settled down than Father found he had left his spectacles at home.

"Now I shan't see anything at all," he grunted. "Might just as well have a nap instead."

"You can have that at home without paying," teased Mother. "Here, Jacko," she whispered, handing him a key. "Just slip home and fetch your dad's glasses; it will only take you a minute or two."

Jacko was determined it shouldn't take more, and he scampered off as fast as he could. Round the street corners he went like a streak of lightning, and bumped into a man selling matches.

"Oh, sorry!" he panted. Then, feeling ashamed of having been so rough,

"The little beggar's slipped down inside the lining," he murmured.

But it hadn't.

Then an awful thought struck him.

"Help!" he muttered. "If I haven't given it to that old fellow in mistake for a penny!"

Back he raced to the corner once more, only to find that the old man had gone!

A friendly policeman asked him what was the matter.

Jacko told him. "Oh, the old match-seller!" said the policeman. "I can tell you where to find him." And he did.

And in less than no time Jacko had got back his key, fetched the glasses, and joined the others. He dashed in just as the curtain went up.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

Who Wrote the Poem About King Bruce and the Spider?

The author was Eliza Cook, who was born in 1818 and died in 1889. She issued several volumes of verse and conducted Eliza Cook's Journal in 1849.

Where is Shakespeare's Cliff?

A little to the south-west of Dover. It is of chalk and 350 feet high. Through it runs a tunnel of the Southern Railway. It is called Shakespeare's Cliff because of its traditional association with a well-known passage in the tragedy of King Lear.

What is the Origin of the Expression Raining Cats and Dogs?

The phrase has been derived (1) from Northern mythology, in which the cat symbolises heavy rain and the dog wind; and (2) from the French catadupe, a word of Greek origin meaning cataract.

What is the Area of the British Empire?

Over 13,909,700 English square miles, divided as follows: in Europe 121,512; Asia 1,824,550; Africa 4,652,000; North America 3,893,020; Central America 8600; West Indies 12,300; South America 97,800; Oceania 3,300,000.

Why Was Serbia Called Servia Before the War?

In France *Servie* is sometimes spelled *Servie*, but Serbia was called *Servia* chiefly by the English-speaking races, possibly from a confusion between Slav or Slav (Slavonic) and slave (Latin *servus*), a practice much resented by the Serbs.

Is Sandalwood Parasitic and Where Does It Grow?

Yes; upon roots. The name, derived from sandalwood (Persian *sandul*, useful), is given to several species of *Santalum* and *Fusanus*, family *Santalaceae*, natives of the East Indies, Pacific Islands, and Australia. White sandalwood, the commonest form, is the product of *Santalum album*, a native of the mountainous parts of South India and the Indian Archipelago. Until the middle of the 18th century India was the only commercial source of this wood.

Baked Jam Roll.

Baked Jam Roll—crisp,—delicious,—most nourishing,—is no more trouble to make than a milk pudding, if you use 'Atora,' the ready-shredded Suet.

Recipe for BAKED JAM ROLL.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Flour. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Shredded 'ATORA.'
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but *not* melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (scaling up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot. Sufficient for 6 persons.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

Make it with —
Hugon's

'ATORA'
The Good BEEF SUET

January 16, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

15

THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S CORNER

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Mint, all different, TO BUYERS from my Approval Sheets (usual large discount). Send 1½d. stamp.

J. D. MILLER (Dept. C.N.)
9, Lynton Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.6.

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All applicants for my new approval sheets sending 1½d. postage will receive 15 Turkish stamps free, Pictorial, War, Jubilee, Surcharged, etc., usually sold at 1/3. Additional free set to customers giving collectors' addresses.

H. WATKINS,
(Dept. C.P.2), 60, Leicester Rd., East Finchley, N.2.

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Containing 471 Guaranteed Unsorted Foreign Stamps just as Imported from Abroad, including Fine Set of 7 diff. Malay States (Siam, Siam, China, Ceylon, Persia, Korea, China, Java, China, India, Deccan, Siam, Siam, etc.). Free to Genuine applicants asking for Half Price Approval Sheets enclosing 2d. postage (Abroad 6d. P.O.). Mention Malay.

Special Offer.—1,000 different stamps, 3/7.
HORACE MILLER & CO., Whitstable, Kent.

FREE. Wonderful 1932 offer. 32 New Issues and Novelties.

Including Abyssinia (new issue), Belgium (provisional & new value), Chile (1898 mint), France (surcharged unused), F. Gola, Hungary (Madonna), Paraguay (new design), Persia (scarce value), Salvador (provisional), unused S. America, new Spain Republic, Turkey, Venezuela (high value), and etc. I will send this collection absolutely free to all stamp collectors sending 2d. postage (abroad P.O. 6d.). Only one gift to each applicant.

G. P. KEEF, Mortimer Lodge, Wimbledon Park, London, S.W.19.

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Stamp Album FREE! Start Stamp Collecting now! The King of Hobbies. The Hobby of Kings. "THE MATLOCK" ALBUM is an Ideal Album for a BEGINNER. It is a valuable Duplicate Book for more advanced collectors. It is bound in still coloured pictorial cover. It contains 100 pages with countless illustrations. It has room for stamps of every country. It is fully titled and has complete index. IT IS THE GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE TO COLLECTORS. IT IS FREE. Just send 4d. to cover post and packing. Ask for Approvals. **WRITE TO DAY: VICTOR BANCROFT (The Gift House), MATLOCK, ENG.**



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Sold by all Confectioners

"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food and Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands.

Any gift will be gratefully received by
LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1.
President—WALTER SCOTLES, Esq.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, 3 lb. 9/6. Excellent for Children's Garments, etc. White, Navy, etc., 3/4 lb. post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/8 to 25/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets, Tailoring, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure.

NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.
EGERTON BURNETT'S N.C. DEPT. Wellington Somerset, ENGLAND.

CREMONA
Golden-Nougars
are different!

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d. Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6 each, price, 4/6, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. Do Luxe Model, 2/- extra.

ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY IS TWENTY-ONE

MY MAGAZINE has come of age. For 21 years it has been going round the world taking into thousands of homes its monthly message of optimism and goodwill. Now, at 21, it is as vigorous as ever. There is something in it for every member of the family.

See it this month. These are some of the titles of articles in the new issue: Work for Every Man; The Biggest English Achievement in Our Time; Patrick Prunty Marries Little Miss Branwell; The Garden on Mount Carmel; The Empire Beginning a New Chapter. And of course there are stories and poems, and numerous pictures. On sale everywhere, One Shilling.

MY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY READY THIS WEEK-END

HOW'S the RADIO?

Going well . . . everything all right . . . no trouble.

That's how it *should* be. No wasting time twiddling knobs and investigating connections; no blaming of batteries which are doing their jobs and doing them well. Just perfect reception without any bother at all. That means a perfect set, of course. And why shouldn't yours be perfect? POPULAR WIRELESS, the paper that made wireless popular, will help to make YOURS perfect, for this famous journal maintains a staff of experts who are always at your service. No problem is too difficult—no trouble too much for them. Why not avail yourself of their experience and skill?

POPULAR WIRELESS

Now on Sale

3d.

"COUGH RELIEVED after 3 DOSES"

—F.H. (Norfolk)



The Success of Famel Syrup is sweeping the country from end to end! Ask anyone who has tried it. A few doses will positively drive out the stubbornest case of cough or bronchial trouble—because it gets right at the root of your complaint. Prior to Famel Syrup, the powerful curative agent it contains could only be inhaled—now it is absorbed into the blood stream. Your Chemist sells it (3/- a bottle).

These extracts are typical of hundreds of letters we receive:

"I am pleased to say Famel Syrup has already relieved my husband's cough and he has taken only 3 doses up to the present. It is the only mixture that has done him good."—F. H. (Norfolk).

Acted like a charm with my bronchitis

"Famel Syrup acted like a charm with my bronchitis and left me much better."—C. T. (Crewe).

"On Friday my father developed a severe cold on the chest with every sign of bronchitis ensuing, but I have used Famel Syrup and he has slept quite soundly and the cold has practically gone."—D. C. (Dorset).

Not long ago I developed a bad cough, while two of my relatives were suffering from distressing bronchitis. I heard of Famel Syrup through an advertisement, so I bought a bottle. The very first dose gave considerable relief in the case of the bronchitis while only 4 doses were sufficient to get rid of my own cough. The effect was almost magical."—M. J. (London).

First winter without bronchitis.

"This is the first winter I have tided through without being laid up with Bronchitis—thanks to Famel Syrup."—E. G. (Bredbury).

"I have been a chronic sufferer of Bronchitis for many years, and this is the first winter I have not had to call in the doctor. I consider it the one and only cure for the complaint."—C.J.S. (Aldershot).

Eased my cough almost at once.

"I have been troubled with a terrible cough for years but at last I have found your Famel Syrup which has eased my cough almost at once. You may use this letter for the benefit of other people who suffer from coughs."—J. H. (Nr. Coventry).

"Famel Syrup has worked wonders for me. I can honestly say it did my cough more good the first dose than anything else I have tried. It has cured me, and I cannot praise it too much."—M. W. (Leeds).

"My cough was the result of Bronchitis 'Flu' of some years standing now. I have tried innumerable remedies but have never experienced the relief I had after a dose of Famel Syrup. I will be pleased to recommend it to any in need of a genuine remedy."—H. L. P. (St. Leonards-on-Sea).

For FREE Sample

worth 1/3 Post coupon below (with 4d. in stamps for postage) for very generous FREE sample. Only one bottle to each family.

FAMEL SYRUP

Post this Coupon TO-DAY!
To Wilcox, Jozean & Co. Ltd., (Dept. K.A.15, Great St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2)

I enclose 4d. in stamps. Please send me large sample bottle of FAMEL SYRUP.

Name
BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE

Address

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 16, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

An Egg Problem

A POULTRY-KEEPER was examining his books for the past year and he found that he had 72 fewer eggs in November than in October, the daily average being two less than in October.

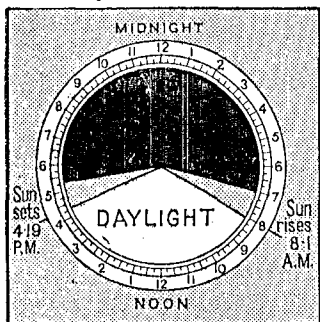
How many had he in November? *Answer next week*

A Tongue Twister

WOULD-BE announcers who apply to a certain American broadcasting company are given a rigorous test, in the course of which they are required to say this tongue-twisting sentence:-

The seething sea ceaseless and thus the seething sea sufficeth us.
Can you say it?

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight gets longer each day.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to December 19, 1931, are compared with the corresponding weeks of 1930.

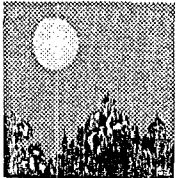
TOWN	BIRTHS 1931	DEATHS 1931	BIRTHS 1930	DEATHS 1930
London	4921	5270	4161	4213
Glasgow	1606	1698	1178	1423
Belfast	654	643	384	470
Leeds	507	608	480	513
Edinburgh	484	560	427	496
Leicester	286	274	219	233
Cardiff	282	275	217	212
Norwich	169	147	97	78
Blackpool	72	79	129	111
Swindon	65	70	44	48
Gloucester	57	75	43	61
Eastbourne	45	50	40	51

Crazy Arithmetic

If five times four were thirty-three, what would a quarter of twenty be? *Answer next week*

Other Worlds Next Week

In the morning the planet Jupiter is in the South-West. In the evening Venus is in the South-West, and Jupiter is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, January 20.



How They Worked

Bacon. If ever a man had a passion for apt words and cleverly-turned phrases Francis Bacon was that man. Whenever he went out walking his secretary followed at a polite distance carrying a walking-stick which could be pulled in half, revealing a pen in the upper piece and an inkwell in the lower.

Thus, as soon as a bright thought flashed from Bacon's mind his secretary was able to commit it to paper.

What Country Is This?

In the furze but not in the gorse, In the spring but not in the source,

In the grain but not in the wheat, In the cloth but not in the sheet, In the throat but not in the mouth, In the north but not in the south, In the bread but not in the roll, A Baltic country is my whole.

Answer next week

A One-Sided Ribbon

If you ask a friend whether it is possible for a piece of ribbon to have both length and breadth but only one side to it, he will probably tell you that it is not.

To show him that he is wrong take a ribbon of paper and paste the two ends together, but before

doing so turn one end over so that the paper ring has a twist in it. Now if you start at any point to draw a pencil line along the length of the ribbon you can keep straight on without lifting your pencil until you have covered the whole surface.

This is called a paradromic ring, and if you cut along the pencil line you will find that instead of the paper falling into two parts you will get one large ring.

Ici On Parle Français



Le tas Le jockey Le harnais

Qu'y a-t-il sous ce tas de terre? Le jockey va descendre de cheval. Le harnais du cheval est en cuir.

A Name Puzzle

I AM a great British novelist in 14 letters.

My 14, 2, 9, 8 is to get weary. My 4, 12, 3, 10, 7 is extremely bad. My 6, 5, 1, 13 is final. My 11 is one hundred.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Milk and Water. 7/24ths

A Changed Word: Deal, lead

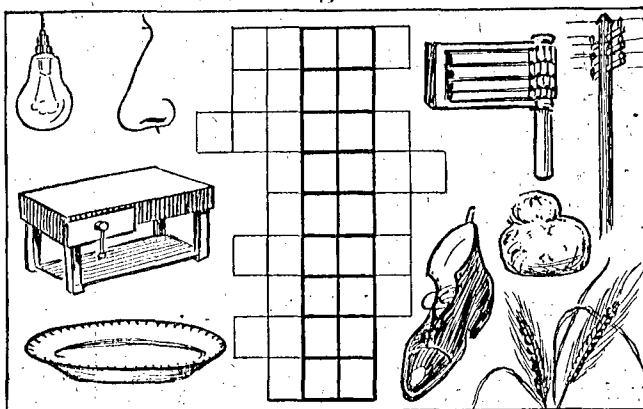
The Two Cyclists. 30 miles

What Is This? Skating

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



A Word-Making Picture Puzzle



FIND the names of the nine objects illustrated and write them in the squares. When this has been done correctly the two words indicated by heavy lines, reading down, will spell a science and the principal instrument used in it. *Answer next week*

Dr MERRYMAN

Serve Him Right

WILLY: They tell me old De Bore has written a book.

Nilly: Yes; but keep quiet about it or he'll give you a copy.

What a Sight

SMITH, wearing a very loud plus-four suit, was indulging in a walking tour. Approaching an old yokel in a small village he asked: "What are the chief sights round here?"

Looking his questioner up and down, the old man replied: "The visitors, sir."

Down Under



THERE was a young person called Dahlia, Who thought she would go to Australia;

So she dug for a while, But the mud was a trial, And the trip as a trip was a failure.

A Quiet Little Place

Two commercial travellers had just arrived in a very sleepy country town.

"Hullo!" exclaimed one of them. "Why is that flag at half-mast?"

"Must be because the town's dead," replied the other.

Tit For Tat

BOARDER: Chicken today! Like snow in June—very rare.

Landlady: And your bill is like April weather—unsettled.

An Easy Task

THE tramp knocked at the door and asked for food.

"But I gave you some cake last week," said the lady of the house, "and yet you call again."

"That's quite right, lady," replied the tramp. "Your cake was nothing to me; you see I used to be a sword swallower."

PADDY'S RIDE

know you promised me I should ride on an elephant."

"Well," said Uncle Toby, "I'm afraid I can't manage an elephant. But I can give you a ride. Look! Help me to pull this fellow into the nursery."

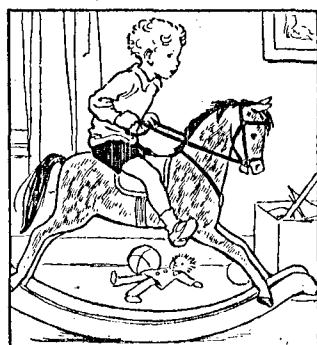
And he gave the end of a piece of rope he was carrying to Paddy. "Here's a horse, a regular galloping fellow. He's come to give you as many rides as you like."

And, pulling the rope, he dragged a big rocking-horse into the room.

Paddy jumped round the room, squealing with delight.

"Oh, Uncle Toby!" he shouted. "Is he mine? Is he my birthday present?"

"Yes," cried his uncle. "Come on, jump up! He's as keen for a gallop as you!"



Paddy squealed with delight

out of the Noah's Ark into others, as well as the china cat and a tape-measure out of the work-basket made in the shape of a kangaroo.

This kept Paddy happy for some time; then he grew tired of playing with them and began to grumble again.

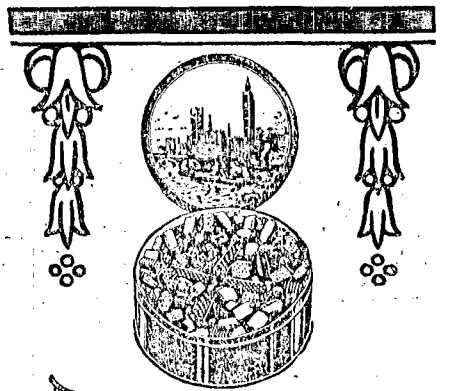
"Uncle Toby was going to let me have a ride on the elephant," he said sadly. "I haven't an elephant in my Zoo, Nanny."

"How about a chair? You could pretend that was an elephant," suggested Nurse, who was almost as sorry as Paddy that he couldn't go out.

"That's no good," grumbled Paddy.

Just then the door opened and Uncle Toby put his head round. "Hullo, Paddy!" he said. "How goes it? Oh, you've a Zoo of your own!"

"But I want an elephant-ride, Uncle Toby," wailed Paddy, clinging to him. "You



Ask Mummy to buy KREEMY PIECES

Then you are sure of a real treat, for Sharp's Kreemy Toffee Pieces are so pure and wholesome, so lovely in flavour and such a lot for the money. Mummy will certainly buy you some if you ask her very nicely, because if she has tasted it she likes it herself.

SHARP'S KREEMY TOFFEE PIECES

1d per ounce 1d

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

For quicker relief, let your child inhale Vapo-Cresolene vapour while sleeping. Vapo-Cresolene is the proved vapour treatment for Coughs and Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchial Asthma, Spasmodic Croup. No long wait for relief. Every breath carries soothing, antiseptic vapour direct to irritated membranes. Drugless, simple, easy to use. Goes straight to the spot. Complete directions with every bottle. In successful use 52 years. Of all chemists.



GOOD IT'S MASON'S
AND NON-ALCOHOLIC.

POST FREE. This case contains three trial bottles of Mason's Wine Essences, Ginger, Orange and Black Currant. Each bottle contains enough essence to make a full size bottle of delicious wine. The case will be sent post free to all who send name and address and 8d. to:

NEWBALL & MASON Ltd., NOTTINGHAM

Cut out this coupon and post to-day.

COUPON

I enclose 8d. in stamps and would like to sample your Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences.

Name.....

Address.....